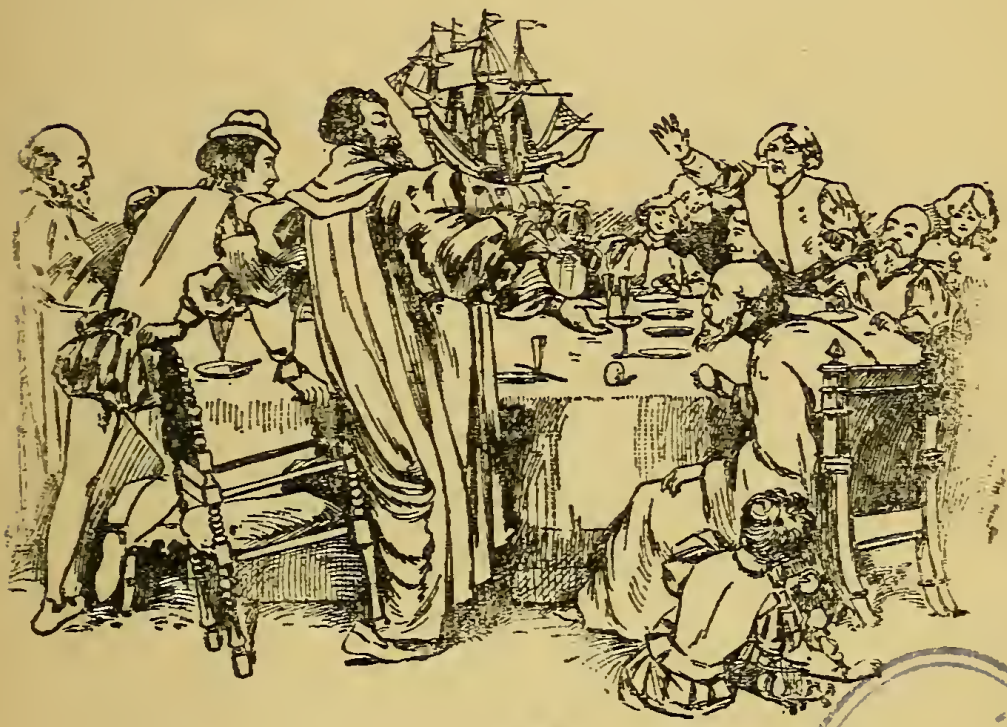
HOW
TO ACHIEVE
SUCCESS

2nd COPY DELIVERED TO THE
NOV 20 1897
Library of Congress.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....
Shelf K3
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

HOW TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS

A MANUAL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



BY

C. H. KENT.

PUBLISHED BY
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
LOUIS KLOPSCH, Proprietor,
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
OFFICE OF
NOV 16 1897
Register of Copyrights
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
64017 c 2 2

BJ1611
.K3

Copyright 1897
By LOUIS KLOPSCH.

Copyright 1884
By C. H. KENT.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

Young Men of America,

WITH KINDEST REGARDS FOR THEIR WELFARE, AND A HOPE THAT NONE WHO READ MAY FAIL OF REACHING THE HIGHEST ROUND OF USEFULNESS, AND OF ENJOYING TO THEIR FULLEST CAPACITY

THE FRUITS OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

A BOY LOST, ... 9
Must Have a Guide, 15.

SOWING AND REAPING, ... 18
Patiently Waiting, 19; Stick to Your Business, 20; Don't Cut the Corners, 21; Laying the Foundation, 21; The Fall of the Pemberton Mill, 24; The Davenport Bridge, 24; Character-Building, 25; Admiral Farragut at Ten Years of Age, 28.

FORTUNE, ... 31
What to Do, 33.

GOOD READING, ... 35
Good Books to Read, 37.

HEALTH, ... 41
Good Living, 42; Cleanliness, 43; Getting Up in the Morning, 44; How to Develop Lung-Power, 45.

HABITS, ... 48
A Horrible Death, 49; Dress, 49.

HOW TO DESERVE SUCCESS, ... 52
Politeness, 52; Two Ways of Doing the Same Thing, 52; Did it Pay? 54; Profitable Politeness, 55; Please Your Employers, 56; Make Your Employer's Business Yours, 58; Put on the Appearance of Business, 61; Don't Be Above Your Business, 64; Choice of Boarding-Houses, 65.

HOW TO INSURE SUCCESS, ... 68
Pluck, 68; A Sermon in a Paragraph, 69; Waiting for the Elevator, 69; Blew Up His Ships—Burned the Bridges, 72; Do Not Procrastinate, 73.

PAGE.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE, ... 75
The Conflict is Yours—Are You Ready for the Battle? 75; Opposition, 76; General Zachary Taylor, 77; On the Voyage—Each One His Own Pilot, 78; What Every Young Man Must Have, 81; Don't Give Up, 81; Perseverance, 82; Catching the Train, 83; Ten Thousand Dollars Lost! Ten Thousand Dollars Won! 84; Experience Must Be Paid For, 86.

HOW SOME MEN HAVE SUCCEEDED, . 88
Economy the Secret, 88; Working to Win, 91; Keep Out of Debt, 93.

HINDRANCES TO A SUCCESSFUL CAREER, ... 95
Is Poverty a Hindrance? 95; Money Well Earned Goes the Farthest, 97; There are Many Things Money Cannot Buy, 100.

BRAINS AND LABOR: RESULT—SUCCESS, 103
Brain-Power, 103; The Path-Finder, 104; Want a Turnpike, 106; Born Great, 107; How One Man Won, 110.

MEN WHO STARTED AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER, ... 114
President Johnson, the Tailor, 123; Hiram Sibley, the Famous Millionaire of Western New York, 123; A Plucky Boy, 126; Gun-Boats, 129; The Great Undertaking, 130; The St. Louis Bridge, 131.

WHAT BRINGS HAPPINESS, ... 133
Happiness vs. Gold, 133; One Wealthy Lady's Experience, 135; Poor Richard's Advice, 137.

PAGE.

INDULGENCE OF APPETITE, ... 139
Ruined by Whisky, 139; "Wanted—A Boy to Attend Bar," 146; Temperance, 148; Tobacco as Vile as Whisky, 149; "Tobacco Does Not Hurt Me," 149; Delmonico's, 150.

CIGAR-STUBS AND OPIUM, ... 155
The Delectable Ingredients of the Modern Cigarette—A Growing Vice, 155; Smoker's Catarrh, 157.

WHISKY VS. HOME. 159
How Are the Mighty Fallen? 159; Fire, Sleigh-Ride, etc., 172; Boston Red-Tape —Two Beautiful Children Frozen to Death, 189; James Noxx's Home, 199; A Lesson From the Noxx Family, 206.

HAPPY HOMES 210
A Wife, 210; Falling in Love, 213; Business is Business, 214; The Modern Belle, 216; Good House-Keepers are a Rarity, 218; What Iowa Girls Are Taught, 221; Unhappily Mated, 224; The Kind of Girl to Choose, 226; Some of the Evidences of Conjugal Felicity, 227; A Wife to Her Husband, 232; Newly-Married Couples, 234; "In Ye Olden Time," 236; There is Nothing Too Good For Man, 238; A Song For the "Hearth and Home," 239.

THE MAGNITUDE OF TRIFLES, ... 241
Trifles—Little Things, 243; The Chicago Fire, 244; A City Destroyed, 246; Fourth of July Time, 247; Discovery of Steam, 250; Electricity—Its Power, 252; Small Beginnings, 255; Action! Action!! Action!!! 256.

PAGE.

EXAMPLES OF HEROISM, ... 258
Napoleon Bonaparte, 258; Florence Nightingale, 261; Every-Day Heroes, 263; A True Hero, ;266 Frank Hamilton's Tragic Death, 268.

SUBLIMITY OF A PURPOSE, ... 271
The Emperor of Russia's Way of Building Railroads, 273; Independence, 274; Crazy Inventor, 275; "Fulton's Folly," 275; The World's Martyrs, 276; Palissy, the Potter, 277; The Impassable Barrier, 280; Opposition, 283; The Discoverer of the Planet Vulcan, 286; Communism, 286; Revolution Among the M. D.'s, 287; The Old Meeting-House that Stood On the Hill, 289; The Student, 291; The Mysteries of the Centuries, 294.

EXAMPLES OF MEN WHO HAVE LIVED FOR A PURPOSE, ... 298
Horace Maynard—Setting His Mark High, 298; Johns Hopkins's Purpose, 298; The Wrecker, 300; Saved From the Wreck, 303; Peter Cooper, the Great Philanthropist, 305.

DELUSIONS OF THE AGE, ... 313
The "Mirage," 313; Thirst, 314; Thirsting for Fame, 316; Thirsting for Honors, 318.

HOW TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS.

A BOY LOST!

In September, 1878, we spent a few days with a farmer residing upon one of the lofty hills of the "Granite State"—the Switzerland of America. The location was one of rare beauty; admirable for enjoying a view, wonderfully diversified, charming, sublime. The harmonious blending of mountain and valley, lake and forest; the cottages of the farmers, nestling among the hills, or high up on some lofty eminence; the gorgeous hues of the maples and other deciduous trees, rich in color, with all the diversity of shading imaginable, surpassing the highest conception of the best imitations of nature's art-painting—all combined to form a landscape of marvelous attractions. To our eyes it was a scene unsurpassed—one that no human skill could transfer to canvas. We are inclined to believe nature has not duplicated it.

Looking southward from our eminence, down across well-cultivated fields, were the grand old woods, beyond and above which arose a high ridge of hills sweeping around in a half circle, east and west, where they

terminated abruptly, leaving gateways wide open, through which could be seen villages with their church spires, and the dwellings of the farmers.

Looking westward, there arose other ranges of hills still more remote, covered with the native forest. The Connecticut river—with Bellows falls, eleven miles away, the roar of which could be distinctly heard—flowed between the two States. Beyond the river towered ridge after ridge, growing loftier as they receded, until lost in the famous Green mountains of Vermont, fifty miles distant.

One who has never witnessed a New England sunset cannot conceive of the gorgeousness of such a scene. Old Monadnock's lofty head loomed up, due south, forty miles away. Beacon fires on a Fourth of July night have here been lighted, flashing their smiles upon Bunker Hill monument, seventy-five miles to the southward. To the northeast, one hundred miles distant, we almost seemed to see the White mountains up among the clouds.

Having scanned the most striking objects in the distance, we will look at those less prominent. A little way to the east is a lakelet surrounded by hills, its margin skirted with forest trees, its surface placid, its waters cold and deep. Looking southwest over a forest of evergreen trees, on a

plain, is a little country village with its white cottages. Just beyond this lies another exceedingly beautiful lakelet. For more than a century it has been a favorite resort. The late Rev. Dr. Vinton and family, of New York City, spent many a summer vacation, enjoying the hospitality of a farmer's home near by, or boating on the lake, or fishing daily in its waters. One of the most remarkable facts is, that of the many thousands who have here bathed, fished, sailed, and skated, none has ever been drowned.

We now come to the place and point of our story. The home that now affords us a delightful resting-place superseded the original log-cabin, built when the country was a "howling wilderness." The entire region was then covered with a dense forest, except the little clearing which had been made around the homes of the early pioneers. There were no roads, except foot-paths, or "Indian trails," and the guide-boards were "blazed" trees. About one hundred and fifty years ago a man and wife and a little son named Jacob, had their home in that cabin. The father, as time permitted, cleared the forest to broaden his fields for cultivation, to grow his grain and vegetables.

One pleasant afternoon the little lad asked his mother if he might go out and

see his father chop down the great trees. The mother said he might go, and return with his father at night. When the day's labor was over, the father returned to his cabin. The mother, not seeing her little son with him, asked, "Where is Jacob?" The father did not know—had not seen him. Hurriedly they went out to look for the lost child. They called aloud, and searched until night's sable drapery settled down upon the black forest, but he was not found. They returned to their lonely cabin. It was very dark within. The light of that home, the little sunbeam, was not there. The supper had been prepared and was on the table. There lay the little pewter plate; there stood the little chair. Each whispered "missing." The rude playthings upon the floor whispered "missing." The supper was untouched; how could they eat! All night long they watched. How could they close their eyes in sleep when the fate of little Jacob was weighing them down, crushing out their fondest hopes which had been centered and bound up in their little treasure! In vain did they pile the wood upon the fire, and set a light in the window, hoping to attract his weary feet in their wanderings homeward. In vain did they peer out into the pitchy darkness, or call, "Jacob! Jacob! O, Jacob!" In vain did they listen, hoping to hear the child's voice

calling to papa or mamma to come quick! No responses came, save the doleful "hoot" of some great owl, or the growl of bears, for they were dwellers in the woods. The harrowing and most distressing question would come to them: "Has Jacob been killed by the bears? Are they growling over his bones with whetted appetites for more human blood?"

The long night passed slowly away. Early in the morning light the father hastened to the nearest neighbors, a mile away, to tell of their great distress. The news was sent speedily to other neighbors, and with alacrity and sympathy all responded The entire day was spent in the most vigorous and careful search, but not a trace could be discovered. Another night of fearful forebodings drove sleep from the disconsolate family. The second day dawned. Great numbers came to join in the hunt. When the sun again went down behind the green hills of Vermont, no tidings had been brought to the sorrowing parents. Not a foot-print had been seen. The night set in; the deepest gloom overshadowed that humble cottage—black darkness of despair.

The morning of the third day came at last. It is said that five hundred men came that day to join in the hunt, the news having spread to the more thickly settled neigh-

borhoods. They were earnest men, and they engaged in the search with a determination to find the boy or learn something of his fate. The day wore away, and all had returned from the hunt, the problem unsolved—a mystery of mysteries. All were preparing to return to their homes, having abandoned all hopes of finding the boy; further search was declared useless and hopeless. The mother learned the decision they had made and in almost frantic agony she came to the door and said that if she only knew that little Jacob was dead she would be satisfied; but the terrible thought that he might still be alive, sick, dying of hunger and cold, alone, with no kind hand to soothe his last moments, was agony to her. Brave men wept who never shed a tear before. Her anguish moved them to activity. It was proposed that one more effort should be made at once, although night was near at hand. They form into companies, each taking separate directions. Signals are agreed upon, and they quickly disappear in the woods. A few remain to console the mother. In breathless silence they stand around the door, hoping to hear a signal. At last the echo of a distant gun away down by the lake reverberates up through the woods. It is a relief. A trace, a shoe, or hat, or his bones, perhaps, have been found. Anxiously they

listen, hoping against hope, to hear another signal. It comes; he is found! "Is he alive or dead?" In breathless silence all are eager to hear. Hearts almost cease to beat, so great is the intense anxiety, fearing they might not hear the last signal. It comes—"Jacob is alive!" The old woods re-echo the gladsome refrain: "Jacob is alive!" "Is alive!" "Alive!" reverberate through the valleys and over the hill-tops. Companies far away catch the echoes, as one company after another passes the gladsome tidings along: "Jacob is found." The old woods ring as never before, from five hundred voices in glad shouts of joy. Gun after gun answers other guns in carrying the news to the most distant. The victorious party soon come in sight, bearing triumphantly the little hero on their shoulders, seated on a hastily constructed "chair" made of poles and evergreen boughs, and present him alive and well to the overjoyed mother. There was joy in that home that night.

MUST HAVE A GUIDE.

People unaccustomed to travel in our country, when they are about to start on their first journey, procure the latest guide-book and consult it carefully, and then take it along with them that they may not make any mistakes, or get on a wrong train, to

be carried in a wrong direction. We have seen persons almost frantic lest they should make a mistake. Every time the train stopped they would hop up and ask the conductor, or brakeman, or passengers, "Is this Albany?" or whatever place they were to stop at.

Now a journey of a few days is nothing in comparison to a journey for life. Yet how heedless and unconcerned many young men are about it. They "don't care." When they start out on that track they are on a down grade, and every revolution increases their momentum. They are like the engineer, who, neglecting to apply the brakes in time, lost control of his train, and all went to destruction. We see young men with noble talents, going from homes where everything has been done that could be done, to fit them for honorable positions in society, disregarding the pleadings of a kind father, the tears of a devoted and anxious mother and a loving sister, and plunging into dissipations. They are on the down grade, and all the signals and alarm-bells are warning them of the fearful risks they are running, and the impending dangers just ahead. Blind and deaf to all, they rush on in their mad career to swift destruction. Many a father would give all he is worth, thousands of dollars, yea, even a hundred thousand dollars, if he

had it, if his son would only come back to the home he has left. Many a father has bowed his head in shame over the downward course of a wayward son, and gone down to the grave before his time in deepest grief. Some have had the sad experience of standing over the grave of a ruined son, as a gentleman did in France. Read what he said as he stood at the grave of his profligate son:

"Gentlemen," said the father, in a voice full of emotion, "the body before me was that of my son. He was a young man in the prime of life, with a sound constitution, which ought to have insured him a life of a hundred years. But misconduct, drunkenness, and debauchery, of the most disgraceful kind, brought him in the flower of his age to the ditch which you see before you. Let this be an example to you and to your children. Let us go hence."

We have said what we have in our prelude, with the hope of arresting the attention of every young man into whose hands this little book may fall, and that it may be a true guide to him every day as long as he shall live, a guide to the only road to prosperity and happiness—the pathway to heaven.

SOWING AND REAPING

Think the good,
And not the clever;
Thoughts are *seeds*
That grow forever,
Bearing richest fruits in life.
Such alone can make
The thinker
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,
And not the clever.
Noble men!
The world can never
Cease to praise the good they've done.
They alone the true
Who gather
Harvests which their deeds have done.

Do the good,
And not the clever.
Fill thy life
With true endeavor;
Strive to be the noblest man,
Not what others do,
But, rather,
Do the very best you can.

—*F. H. Hoadley.*

The inevitable law of whatsoever a farmer sows, that must he reap in harvest, is equally true in the physical world. The farmer sows wheat and always gets wheat in return. Nature never changes or reverses her laws. If the farmer fails to plow and cultivate his land in the spring-time,

and sow his seed early, he will have no wheat in harvest, but weeds will grow instead, and sap the fertility of his soil. If a young man fails to sow the good seed in the morning of his days, to cultivate his mind early in life, and store it with valuable and useful information, he will also fail of reaping the reward that he hopes to obtain eventually. If the golden opportunities are suffered to pass unheeded, the golden harvest-time will never come. You cannot be idle for years and keep your mind fresh and vigorous, and quick and sharp to learn and retain what is learned. The hardening process cannot be overcome. You suffer a loss that cannot be made good, however hard you may try.

PATIENTLY WAITING.

The farmer sows the grain in early spring, that he may reap in autumn. He has to wait for the seed to germinate and pass through all the varied processes until it is matured. He does not plow it up in a week or a month, because it has not matured. He has to wait patiently for the full maturity of the ripened grain.

One of the greatest mistakes young men are liable to make lies in unwillingness to wait for the harvest. Because their labor, their sowing, does not bear fruit immediately, they throw up the scheme to try

something else, which in its turn is also abandoned. They are continually changing, and the oftener they change the more unsettled become their minds and the greater the difficulty to buckle down to one thing and stick to it. They desire immediate returns for their investments, and because they cannot get them, they sell out at a sacrifice and go into something else. It has been well said that if any young man would go into any legitimate business and stick to it for ten years he would become independent. It requires courage, patience, and nerve.

There is not so much in knowing what is the best thing to do, as there is in persistent adherence to the work we undertake.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.

The secret of every man's success, who has worked his way up from poverty to affluence, is that he persistently applied himself to his legitimate business, early and late, ignoring all outside business, paying no attention whatever to the many schemes offered, which promise great returns for small investments, however flattering they may be. We have often seen good mechanics who could earn three dollars per day in the shop, trying to run a farm, or raising potatoes and vegetables that cost them

at least four times as much as they would have cost, if bought of dealers. Some people conceive the idea that their neighbors' business yields vastly greater profits than their own. A weak and vacillating mind never accomplishes anything. A man undertook to run a barber shop. He undertook to shave three men at once. They all got mad and left without being shaved, and the barber got mad because he had not shaved anybody. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

DON'T "CUT THE CORNERS."

A great many young men are inclined to clip off the corners, to round them off carelessly, and the more they clip the smaller becomes the circle, narrowing down their chances every round. Don't cut your corners. Leave them square as a brick. Maintain all the ground and hold all the chances you have; add to, instead of contracting. Your success depends upon holding your ground firmly; yielding none and adding when you can.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION.

"Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house mark well the spot,
Test all the ground, and build you not
On the sand or shaking sod."

The very first step a young man takes for himself is the most important of all. If he would be right all the time, he must start right. The first thing a builder does when preparing to erect a good substantial building is to lay the foundation, deep, broad and on a solid footing. If he fails to do this he will repent of his folly when it is too late. A few years ago a granite block, some eight or nine stories high, was built in Boston, and when completed, it was considered one of the best blocks in the city. Its substantial character made it to all appearance as lasting as the granite of which it was built. Tenants to occupy it were quickly found. The builder had the utmost faith in it. They could "pile it full of pig lead," he declared. But, alas! before it was half stocked with goods, it went down, filling the street with stone, bricks, broken timbers, and bales of goods; and several persons who had not time to escape were killed. We saw the block when completed, and we saw it in ruins. Why did it fall? Down in the cellar were a few feet of an old wall, and, to save a few dollars, that old wall was left, and when the enormous weight of the structure began to beat upon it, it could not stand the pressure, and the entire block fell in ruins. A hundred or two hundred dollars' worth of work saved in the foundation cost over a hun-

dred thousand dollars' loss in the end, but even that was a trifle in comparison with the lives sacrificed, which no money could restore.

A few years ago the dam of a large reservoir in western Massachusetts broke, and instantly the vast body of water it contained was in motion, and went rushing down the valley. It dashed along with fearful velocity, faster than the fleetest horse could run, carrying everything before it. Village after village was swept with the besom of destruction. Shops, stores, dwelling-houses went down before that mighty flood. So suddenly it came that the people along its course had no time to save any of their property, while many were swallowed up before they could reach a place of safety. Property worth millions was destroyed, and a half score of happy and prosperous villages in less than one brief hour were in ruins. Men of wealth were reduced to poverty. The mantle of death hung over many once happy homes —the living plunged into the deepest sorrow. All this because the builder of the dam had neglected the most important consideration of all—the foundation. Instead of going down to bed-rock, he built on the trunks of fallen trees, and other equally unreliable material.

THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL.

The Pemberton mill, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, a few years ago, fell down while in full operation and crowded with operatives. The ruins immediately took fire, and one hundred and twenty-five lives were sacrificed. It was simply the result of the gross carelessness of the superintendent, or master-builder. Iron columns that were defective in casting, were allowed to be put in. They were thin as paper on one side and as thick as a plank on the other, when they should have been "true to a hair-line" all around. When the pressure came upon them they were crippled. All this came of trying to save a little money by getting work done cheaply. No man can afford to cheat himself in the foundation. So it is in character-building. Every one must look well to the foundation. If that is defective, it will tell on him, and may ultimately bring him down.

THE DAVENPORT BRIDGE.

When the great iron bridge that spans the Father of Waters, at Davenport, was built, in putting down the piers the utmost care was exercised to get them on a solid foundation. The workers went down until they struck the rock, and then cut down into the solid rock for the first layer, and bolted it down. The layers were cemented

and doweled together, making a piece of masonry as firm and solid as though it were hewn out of a quarry, in one solid block. It will stand for centuries. Young man, lay your foundation deep. Go down to the bed-rock!

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

A good reputation, based upon a good character, is a fortune to any young man. No one can eventually fill the positions in the community that he ought to fill, and which he hopes to fill, unless his character be spotless. Two men in two different counties in Illinois were elected to the office of treasurer of their respective counties. Neither could enter upon the duties of the office, because he could not give the bonds required. The character of each for integrity and honesty was not trusted by their friends. Consequently they failed to get the offices, and the shadow will hang over them till the day of their death.

Hundreds of young men fail to get good positions in banks and public offices because they cannot give bonds. A cloud rests on their reputation. Better to sacrifice your right arm, than to have a cloud of suspicion on your character. Remember that you are building up character every day, every hour. The public are scrutinizing it all the time, watching to see how you

are building—how you are laying the foundation. The public have keen eyes and sensitive ears, and some terrible eavesdroppers to tell on a fellow. Telephone wires run to every man's door.

Four young men went into an alley late one night to quarrel quietly over their ill-luck at a gambling house. A night clerk in the post-office heard every word they said, and recognized every voice. They were employed by firms in the city and held responsible positions. If their names had appeared in the morning papers, there would have been some vacancies, and an advertisement like this would have appeared: "Wanted, a clerk; none but those having the best of references need apply."

A gentleman was riding in a street-car, and heard two young men talking over a Sunday carnival, and learned what this one and that one did, and what one of his own clerks did. He was thunderstruck. He could not believe it. He thought it must be some other young man of the same name. It set him to thinking. He put a detective on his clerk's tracks, who followed the suspected man for two weeks. He put a watch on his every-day work, and on the cash drawer; also on certain customers who were always particular to transact all their business with him. The detective reported, and the next day the

young man was "off duty." He was not feeling well—had not been feeling well of late; thought he would have to change climate—and he did.

We tell you, young man, that you cannot ride two horses at the same time, especially when they are going in opposite directions. We often hear young men complaining that they cannot get anything to do. Other young men succeed, while they fail. They forget, or do not realize the fact, when sowing their wild oats, that they will some day have to reap them. O, the briars, the thorns! how they scratch and tear; yes, they prick to the very quick. That is not all—they leave the scars that will not wash out or heal up. However much a merchant may value smartness or business talent in a young man, it all goes for nothing, if the young man is not reliable. Integrity first, integrity last. That must be your corner-stone if you are building up a character that will stand against every temptation, every snare, every allurement, and give you a spotless reputation, and the best things of life that money cannot buy.

He that is violent in the pursuit of pleasure won't mind to turn villain for the purchase.—*Marcus Antonius.*

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AT TEN YEARS OF AGE.

Admiral David G. Farragut tells the story how he laid the foundation of his splendid career, as follows:

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin-boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

" 'David, what do you mean to be?'

" 'I mean to follow the sea.'

" 'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

" 'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck, and command, as you do.'

" 'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll

have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble.' And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour."

Congress ordered a twenty-thousand-dollar monument to the boy who was a hero at ten, and greater at that age than ever after; greater than Alexander the Great, who, when he had conquered all known worlds, wept because there were no others to conquer—who conquered everything but himself, and died at thirty-three. Farragut fought the greatest battle of his life alone, single-handed, leaving every foe dead on the field. An example that challenges the world to produce a greater hero.

Up on the side of some mountain, or in a lonely glen, isolated from civilized society, other heroes have commenced their battles of life unknown to the outside world, with nature as their only teacher. David, the psalmist, caught his inspiration while

tending his father's sheep; one of the greatest astronomers wrought his grandest problems upon the mould-board of the plow, while the oxen were resting. What man has done once can be done again. Young man, this is a lesson for you to read and learn by heart.

FORTUNE.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

—*Tennyson.*

Every man is the son of his own deeds.—*Spanish Proverb.*

A good or bad fortune rests with each individual. It has been well said that "the boy is index to the man;" that "every man is the architect of his own fortune." These trite sayings need no proof. The history of men of all classes in all ages of the world down to the present, bears indisputable evidence of this truth. The boy grows into manhood, and the same characteristics that were prominent when he was a boy will show themselves in the man. It becomes every young man to heed these injunctions, and shape his course early in life, to

mark out the man he wants to be, and then follow the pattern closely, remembering that if he goes contrary to his plans for years, he cannot then jump into a character precisely the reverse.

We often hear young men say that if their circumstances were different they might succeed, but, as it is, there is no use trying. Everything is against them. What did Napoleon say about circumstances? He asked one of his marshals about a movement he had in contemplation, and the answer was, if circumstances were favorable, it might be accomplished. Napoleon replied, "Circumstances! I care nothing about circumstances; I make circumstances." "Only give me a standing-place, and I will lift the world," says one. The man of business, of energy, makes his own standing-place. Captain Stevens was a man of this sort. He never wanted to take hold of a great undertaking until everybody else had failed and pronounced it an utter impossibility. Then he was ready to undertake the job. The engineers who first undertook to build a dam across the Merrimac river at Lawrence, Mass., were swept away with their dam, before it was completed, and narrowly escaped drowning. Captain Stevens enthusiastically undertook the work. He put in the dam and it will stand for centuries.

WHAT TO DO.

No question more difficult to answer was ever asked by a young man, than: "What shall I do?" Probably there is not a young man in the United States who has not asked himself and his friends the question hundreds of times. It is a very perplexing problem to solve. The great majority of young men of to-day are like a man lost in a dense forest, who in his wanderings comes to where several paths meet, crossing each other, diverging to all points of the compass, and no guide-board to point out the right path homeward. When they come seriously to think what their life-work will be, they are standing at a point where numerous avenues converge on a common centre. They look down one and up another, and are lost; and why? Simply because they do not know the greatest of all secrets—one which every young man ought to learn very early in life, and the ignorance of which has ruined thousands. It is the old maxim, "Know thyself."

Of all the numerous acquaintances a young man may have on his list, none possesses value in comparison to the individual's acquaintance with himself. Serious mistakes, trouble, and despair over miserable failures, come to many because of their being simply ignorant of themselves.

To every young man we would say that success or failure in a great measure hinges on the knowledge you have of yourself. You may be a superb scholar, a capital teacher, and yet make a miserable failure in merchandising. It is better to be a first-class blacksmith, pounding red-hot iron with a sledge-hammer—playing the anvil chorus—than a dull preacher, vainly trying to pound theology out of a church pulpit when the theology is neither there nor in the head. It is better to be a wood-sawyer's clerk than a briefless lawyer. If you have no conception of colors, of light and shade, portrait-painting is not your business. If you have no taste for music, and cannot distinguish a concord from a discord, let that pass. If you dislike mathematics, surveying would not be a pleasant pastime. To be a successful grocer, you must be a good taster, and know the nature and value of the goods, or you will be "sold" every day in the year.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.—*Thales.*

GOOD READING.

Books, like friends, should be few, and well chosen.—*Joineriance.*

No young man should spend much of his time in reading fiction, for it is a waste, and he has no time to lose. Every hour he devotes to reading trashy novels is worse than wasted. It fills the mind with that which is not true, giving a false coloring to real life. It weakens the mental powers instead of developing them. Reading that which requires no thought to comprehend, is harmful to the mind. If you were training for an athlete, you would not use feather pillows for Indian clubs, nor india-rubber foot-balls for cannon-balls. Toy playthings are not the implements used to develop muscle. When one thing is learned, something more difficult must be attempted. It is the constant exercise of the muscles that develops the power. No one knows, until he tries, what power he can develop by daily practice.

What is accomplished by physical training can, by the same laws, be accomplished by mental discipline. It is development that a young man needs most. Not one person in ten has fully developed his capabilities, his native talent. Any man has it within his own power to ruin his system

and render himself helpless as a stone. Tie up your arm for six months, and you will realize what inaction can accomplish. Let your mind have nothing to feed upon, year in and out, and you will become an imbecile. Read flashy novels, exciting fiction, night and day, and you will become as simple and foolish as the characters these books portray. Is the flavor, the fragrance of a good dinner, better than the dinner itself? Is brass jewelry better than gold? Are mock diamonds better than the real gems? Is counterfeit money better than the genuine? If so, take the counterfeit—read fiction. Fiction is all counterfeit, therefore why read it at all, when "truth is stranger than fiction?" If froth and foam will develop muscle, and make a Hercules of a weak body, then take froth and foam for a diet. How long do you think a blacksmith's arm would swing the sledge-hammer if he were fed on gas? He would probably get as fat as did Job's wild asses when they snuffed up the east wind. We have known persons to sit down and read fiction all day, and weep over the story of some poor unfortunate creature—a victim of cruel and heartless treatment in a cold and unsympathizing world; yet, when a real living, breathing unfortunate knocks in person at the kitchen door, with a sick child in her arms, wet and cold, asking for bread, while

the tears fall upon the pages of fiction, the novel-reader can tell Bridget to say to the poor woman that she has "nothing for her to-day," and warn the servant not to let her come in. This is true in fact. It is no fiction. All sympathy for real suffering is killed and buried, by novel reading. This is the natural result.

The library of Cornell College contains 40,000 volumes, and it is said there is not a single book of fiction in the number. Why are they excluded? For the wisest and best of all reasons, that they are harmful to the student.

GOOD BOOKS TO READ.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.—*Channing.*

Would you be delighted to hear the roar of cannon, the clash of armies, the shouts of victory, the groans of the dying; to wade through rivers of human blood; to scale the Alps; to follow a defeated army in its retreat from Moscow, in the deep snows of a terrible winter, harassed by an army foaming with rage, maddened over the burning of their city; to see the corpses of fifteen thousand soldiers who formed part of an army of forty thousand men, lining the way, the snow their only winding-sheet,

and their grave! If you have a taste for scenes of this class, read Abbott's "Napoleon." So vividly will all the scenes come before you, that your blood will almost curdle in your veins.

Do you wish to see Old Mexico, and revel in the halls of the Montezumas? Prescott will conduct you safely there and back. You may prefer a cooler climate, or a trip to the north pole; Dr. Kane will welcome you to a journey with him, and take you where eternal silence reigns supreme; where night hangs her sable curtain for two long months in the year, and it is twilight for nearly four months additional; to where you may feast on polar bear steak and drink train oil by the gallon.

Perhaps you would prefer an aerial voyage, and to soar away from earthly delights? Prof. Mitchell awaits your coming. The chariot is ready for a trip to the remotest star. He will gladly guide you to other worlds and systems, through the unexplored regions of infinite space, on a voyage of thought requiring centuries to make the tour in the body. If you are timid and have not the time to spare for so grand a journey, an underground trip may suit you better; Prof. Winchell will conduct you down to and through earth's mysterious chambers, and read to you of the ages past, when life was unknown, and of the

first centuries, before man appeared on the earth; or, Hugh Miller will be delighted to sit down with you, with his little hammer in hand, to crack the rocks and show you their testimony; and he will also tell you what he knows of the "old red sandstone."

Africa may have a charm in its mineral wealth, and its diamond fields. Or you may prefer to join an exploring expedition to determine the source of the Nile. If so, Mungo Park, Cameron, Baker, Livingstone, and Stanley are ready to give you their experience in that dark land, over which the shadow of ignorance and superstition hangs like a pall.

The Holy Land has been carefully studied, explored, and surveyed by the best classical scholars of the age. Jerusalem and its environs have been described most graphically. Robinson, Smith, Thompson, Talmage, and others, will tell you of their experience and travels. A run down to Egypt and a look at the pyramids may not be uninteresting, the science of astronomy having been well understood at the time of their building, six thousand years before the Christian era. Layard will tell you of the wonders he has exhumed from Nineveh and Babylon, two of the most remarkable cities of the old world, with walls one hundred feet high and eighty feet thick; with

fifteen hundred towers, two hundred feet high, at intervals along the wall.

When you have become interested in, and familiar with, the works published in relation to the world and its inhabitants, we think you will not have any desire to feed on novels of the "dime" order.

HEALTH.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—*Shakspeare.*

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all power to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; but he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.—*Sterne.*

No other blessing in this life is of so great value as good health. A young man possessed of a robust frame, a strong constitution, free from any hereditary disease, has a fortune that he cannot afford to be careless or indifferent about. It is a prize that cannot be estimated by any human arithmetic, or valued by gold piled high enough on the scales to make an equivalent. It is a priceless treasure. No wealth, no rank, no position can equal it in value. All the united and combined treasures of the world cannot compare with the value of good health.

It is of the utmost importance that every one should rightfully estimate its worth, that he may exercise the most diligent watchfulness, that it may not slip from him or be prematurely injured or lost. Every fountain of pleasure, every enjoyment in life, is marred when there is pain.

To be free from pain for a single day, some would give thousands of dollars. Millions of money are spent annually by invalids hunting for the fountain of eternal youth; sparing no expense or time traveling up and down the earth, hoping to find a climate that will bring back health. No one can be successful in active business life if he has a broken-down constitution, that is continually demanding his care and attention. It interrupts all plans of business or pleasure, causing great disappointment when he is least prepared to meet it. Only those who have once enjoyed perfect health and lost it, know its value.

GOOD LIVING.

Good living consists in eating three times a day, good, wholesome food, well cooked. Remember, we eat not for the simple pleasure of eating, but to nourish the system, to repair the injury, loss, and waste that are going on continually. The blood, the brains, the bones, the muscles call for fresh supplies to keep them satisfied, healthy, hearty, and strong. Each one requires a special diet, and will not accept of any substitute. If it is not supplied, the organ suffers, and other parts are compelled to submit to loss. Oatmeal is classed as one of the best articles of food for health, and superior for developing

brain-power. It has been, and is to-day, the standard article of food with the Scotch, and where is the nation that has produced greater men, intellectually, than Scotland? The Scotchman is in evidence the wide world over, everywhere among the leaders in the learned professions. That which produces good blood and a healthy constitution is what every one should eat. If properly cooked, slowly eaten, and thoroughly masticated and mixed with the saliva, one never need have the dyspepsia or any other ills.

But, if you are too lazy to take care of yourself, and will indulge your appetite, you can be assured that you will have, gratis, all the ills flesh is heir to.

CLEANLINESS.

Let the mind's sweetness have its operation upon the body, clothes, and habitation.—*George Herbert.*

Even from the body's purity the mind receives a secret sympathetic aid.—*Thomson.*

Nothing conduces so much to good health as cleanliness. Nothing but a free use of soap and water will keep one's person in a healthy condition. Every person should bathe as often as once a week, and in warm weather several times a week. It is absolutely necessary that the pores be kept open, thereby increasing the vigor of

the system and fortifying it against disease. We always like to take a good bath, in the coldest of weather, if we are to ride all day in a carriage.

A warm bath, followed by a dash of cold water, with thorough rubbing with crash towels, until a warm glow is felt all over, followed by light gymnastic exercise, restores the system to its normal state, and the rigor of a long, cold ride is greatly relieved, without danger of taking cold. Some fifty ladies and gentlemen took baths at the Hot Springs, Ark., in water from 90° to 100° Fahrenheit, on a very cold day, when the ground was frozen. After it, we all went on our journey, and not one suffered in the least from the bath. A lazy person is almost sure to take cold, simply because he is too lazy to rub himself and bring the blood to the surface.

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

Young men must arise early in the morning if they "mean business." To get up early one must retire early. If you are awake until one or two o'clock in the morning, you cannot expect to rise early. You will be late to breakfast, late to business, and too late to succeed. You will miss the best chances and the best bargains. Take exercise out of doors—plenty of it. If your business is in-doors, you

must take exercise, and you cannot take too much. Your system demands and must have it, or suffer the consequences. Every one ought to be out of bed an hour, at least, before breakfast, and half of that time out of doors. A walk, a run, a jump; go through some gymnastic exercise; swing the arms backward and forward over the head; strike out, strike back, any way, every way, to wake the dormant muscles and send the blood tingling through the extremities into a healthful circulation. Last, but not least, you must have lung-power. One-half of the lung-power of the people is not brought into action. "Too lazy to breathe" is a saying which is too true. Tying up the lungs is like tying up your knees in splints, and undertaking to walk or work. Many are hampering their lungs and destroying them by tight lacing.

HOW TO DEVELOP LUNG-POWER.

Place a pipe-stem in the mouth and hold it fast. Inhale through the nostrils until your lungs are filled to the utmost capacity, then "blow off" through the pipe-stem. Repeat it several times before breakfast, in pure air—not the poisoned atmosphere of sleeping-rooms, or fetid air, cooked in the sitting-room, full of fine dust.

The great secret of building up a strong and healthy system is the proper develop-

ment of the lungs. Deep breathing, way down—to your boots. Look at the blacksmith's bellows, watch the long sweep of the lever, every inch of space in the bellows filled to its utmost expansion. If you were to study elocution, we think the first lesson would be how to breathe. Half of the people do not know how to breathe. Great singers and elocutionists understand it. If they did not, they would break down in a month. The muscles of the chest must be brought into play and disciplined. Proper use of the vocal organs is essential to health. Good singers and teachers of elocution increase their corporeal system greatly and become portly. Persons have increased the girth around the chest five inches in six months' practice, by simply inhaling fresh air as we have already suggested, and "blowing off" through a pipe-stem.

Your body is the machine, and your lungs are the most prominent and all-important mechanism of the system. When they fail to do their duty well, the entire machine fails to do good work.

Systematic physical exercise is a duty we owe not merely to our bodies, but to our whole nature. It will vitalize the blood, quicken the energies, give firmness to the nerves, and lay a foundation upon

which we may build a wholesome and successful life.

I think you might dispense with half your doctors, if you would only consult Doctor Sun more, and be more under treatment of these great hydropathic doctors—the clouds.—*Beecher.*

HABITS.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Johnson.*

Habit, with its iron sinews, clasps and leads us day by day.—*Lamartine.*

The repeating of certain movements, or the doing of certain acts over and over again, an indefinite number of times, forms a habit. If we change night into day, we cannot sleep at night. If we accustom ourselves to eating at certain intervals, we shall feel the cravings of appetite at such intervals. The man who takes his glass of "bitters" regularly, becomes miserable when debarred from his accustomed potation. He has formed a habit that will be a prompter every time the clock strikes the hour. At first it has no force and no control over him, but, often repeated, it accumulates power. One link is easily forged in the chain of habit, and by and by the chain has many links, and it coils around the victim noiselessly, and, before he is aware of it, his feet are fast in the fetters. To break away from it is almost an impossibility. The habit of drink especially takes hold of its victim with a death-like grip. Like a boa-constrictor, it gradually coils itself around its victim, growing tighter at every round, and holding him in a vice-like grasp.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

A few months ago, in a foreign city, an exhibition was given by a snake-charmer. One part of the performance was to allow the snake to coil around the charmer's body. The snake coiled around as usual, and then began to tighten the coils. The man screamed in agony; the spectators clapped their hands and cheered, thinking it was but a part of the sport; but, when the poor man's tongue was forced out of his mouth, and his eyeballs from their sockets, and the dull cracking of his bones was heard as they were being broken and crushed, then did they realize that it was the death-grip of the snake. Once too often had the charmer fooled with the huge reptile. Too late he realized the power of his pet and its terrible heartlessness—its relentless fury—when roused to activity.

DRESS.

The style and neatness of one's attire have much to do with one's success in any respectable calling. A young man who is careless of his personal appearance—wearing ill-fitting garments, boots slouchy and run down at the heels, and a hat as ill-becoming, stands a very poor chance of securing a first-class situation. It is the dress that, in a degree, is an index of the

man—i. e., makes the first impression on a stranger. It is neither the quality, nor the costliness of the suit, but the neatness and care, that are noted in the personal attire at the very approach. No merchant will hire a clerk who is so devoid of taste and self-respect as to neglect his personal appearance. It is a fact, that the world at large judges of a person largely by his dress, rather than by his accomplishments. If a man has made his fortune and retired from business, and prefers to dress like a boor, to the disgust of his friends and in violation of the rules of etiquette, of course he has a legal right to do so; but no gentleman will ignore the good-will of the community in which he resides by wearing outlandish or slovenly apparel.

No young man can afford to neglect his wardrobe. If he prefer to go carelessly attired, swaggering along, he had better go to some coal-mine under-ground, and stay there forever, for he never can secure a first-class situation above.

Every one should dress in a style suitable to his business, and should be proud to wear the insignia of his trade or profession. A brick-layer or a hod-carrier will not look well in a minister's garb, neither will a minister look well in a hod-carrier's suit. There is an appropriateness in dressing to suit the place you occupy. A dandy

in broadcloth, kid gloves, and stove-pipe hat wouldn't stand much of a chance to engage himself to a farmer; neither would a farmer's boy, dressed in his field suit, be eligible to a situation in a fashionable dry-goods store. Although dress plays an important part in aiding a young man to secure a situation, yet it requires superior qualifications to be able to hold one after it is obtained. It is economy for every young man to dress well; it is a recommendation to good society; it is a stepping-stone to a higher position, which means, financially, a better salary. It pays to dress well.

HOW TO DESERVE SUCCESS.

POLITENESS.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—*Chesterfield.*

"True politeness is the poor man's capital."

No accomplishment will atone for the want of genuine politeness. Affable and courteous manners always win. Many a young man has won his way to success by uniform politeness to everybody. Snobbishness doesn't pay, and never will. This dropping on one's knees to aristocracy, and falling back on one's dignity to ordinary people, is an exhibition of the absolute want of genuine politeness. The latter is a virtue that young men should cultivate constantly, for they never know whose friends they may insult, if they disregard this injunction.

TWO WAYS OF DOING THE SAME THING.

A young man entered a bank as teller, on a small salary. His gentlemanly manners and true politeness made him very popular. His salary was increased from year to year. A rival bank desired his services, at a higher salary, and he changed counters at the end of his term. A third bank afterward coveted his services and willing to give a still higher salary, made

him an offer of "three thousand dollars a year." True merit is always at a premium.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
—*Pope.*

Another young man stood behind the same counter where the first young man began his career. He put on many airs. It was mortifying to his aristocratic notions to be obliged to wait on ordinary customers. A civil answer was not always given. Nearly every one was treated with haughty and heartless indifference. When a check was presented for payment, the currency would be thrown out over the counter, as though it was infected with the small-pox; and, with an air that spoke louder than words, to the recipient, "Take it and clear out." After a time the bank directors have numerous complaints made to them; depositors withdraw their balances and place them elsewhere. The bank is losing money by a teller who acts the boor, and finally a polite intimation is given the young man to hand in his resignation, and that it will be accepted without notice. The morning papers announce his resignation, and that he intends to go into business for himself, "out west." No matter how honest or capable a young man may be, or how rapidly he could do the business of a bank-teller—for all these requisites are absolutely necessary to the efficient discharge of his duty—

yet, he may lack the most essential qualification to make his services of any value to any banking institution—the lack of genuine politeness.

Success can never be won where a young man is above his business, and treats with contempt those with whom he must have daily business transactions. Moneyed men are not beggars or town paupers, and will not do business with an uncivil bank official, be he teller or president.

DID IT PAY?

A Dr. Wallace, formerly a Confederate soldier, at his death, bequeathed to a daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Allen, of Lynchburg, Virginia, ten thousand dollars, for kindness and hospitality extended to him when ill, by her father and mother.

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Green, an amiable Englishman, seeing a rather shabby old man looking for a seat in church, opened his pew door, beckoned to him, and placed him in a comfortable corner, with prayer and hymn books. The old gentleman, who carefully noted the name in these latter, expressed his thanks warmly at the close of the services. Time had effaced the incident from Mr. Green's recollection, when he one day received an intimation that, by the death of a gentleman named Wilkinson, he had become en-

titled to thirty-five thousand dollars a year. Mr. Wilkinson was a solitary old man, without relatives. Green's act prepossessed him in his favor; inquiring about him, he found that he bore the highest character.

PROFITABLE POLITENESS.

The Boston *Traveler*, in commenting on the prevalence of rudeness, tells the following incident that happened some years ago:

"There was a plainly-dressed, elderly lady, who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry-goods house in Boston. No one in the store knew her, even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was a young man, who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but, when at liberty, he waited on her with as much attention as if she had been a princess.

"This continued a year or two, till the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place:

"'Young man, do you wish to go into business for yourself?' she inquired.

"'Yes, ma'am,' he replied; 'but I have neither money, credit, nor friends.'

"'Well,' continued the lady, 'you go and

select a good location, ask what the rent is, and report to me'—handing the young man her card.

"He found a location and a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported.

" 'Well,' she replied, 'you go and tell Mr. ——— that I will be responsible.'

"He went, and the landlord, or agent, was much surprised, but the bargain was closed.

"The next day the lady again called, to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added:

" 'What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me.'

" 'You may go and see Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, and tell them to call on me.'

"He did so, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in the market. He died many years ago, and left a fortune of three million dollars. So much for politeness; so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age, in whatever garb they are clothed."

PLEASE YOUR EMPLOYERS.

"He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause."

The reason so many fail is because they are not willing to give their employers all their time. They will cut off at both ends and out of the middle. Always tardy; always in haste to quit ten or fifteen minutes before time. A young man who cheats his employer out of his rights, cheats himself in the end. If there is an easy job to be done, he will never get it. If a man is to be sent out five hundred or a thousand miles to set up a machine, or on a collecting tour, he will not be the man to go. If a foreman is wanted, he will not be the man recommended for a better position, and it serves him right. He is not worthy of any place when he cheats his employer every day in the year, and every time he draws his wages takes more than he has earned. Nothing but selfish interest controls him.

It is the duty, and it is the duty of every man, to devote his entire energies to the interests of his employer. This whining and growling all the time is mean—contemptible. It exhibits a low, selfish, ill-bred disposition. There are people who claim that the world owes them a living—and, pray, for what? Balance your accounts; show your figures. A young man of the selfish, complaining stamp would see his employer's property go to destruction—burn up—before he would go ten steps out of the way to save it. A man of this

disposition cannot but feel mean all the time. Work goes hard with him. A man who doesn't like the business of his employer is an unprofitable man to have at any price. To enjoy anything you must fall in love with it, else it will be irksome, tedious. It wears upon the system like a machine without oil. A happy, jovial disposition makes hard work easy, light, and devoid of friction.

MAKE YOUR EMPLOYER'S BUSINESS YOURS.

To win a reputation that is worth more than money, every young man should make himself thoroughly acquainted with his employer's business. He should know it in all its details, and take as much interest in it as though it were his own; he should devote his whole time and talents to help make the business pay. You may have a hard place. Your employer may not fully appreciate the value of your services, but you are not a slave. There are other places to fill. Others will see your devotion to your employer, and will seek to secure your services at a greatly advanced salary. Unrewarded talent will not long remain uncompensated. It cannot be concealed. You might as well hold your hat before your eyes and think you could shut out the noon-day sun. Every hour of faithful devotion to your employer's business is

making capital for you, and is better than money deposited in banks.

A young man never knows who may be watching him. Business men have keen sight. They recognize talent wherever it is seen. Changes are constantly going on. A salesman retires; another must fill the vacancy. Who shall it be? A hundred—five hundred—apply, and only one is wanted. The proprietors have been watching a young man in some other establishment for six months. They have had his name in a memorandum book for that length of time, and, as occasion gave them opportunity, they have watched his business tact and the hold he has on customers. They employ others to "sound him." His habits are looked into, to know where and how he spends his evenings; where he is on Sundays, and how about his vacations—are they frequent? and last, but not least, who are his associates? These are all looked up. The records are compared and they show—First, he is prompt, always on hand. Second, his employer's business is made his own. Third, customers will not buy of any one else, if they can help it. Fourth, his habits are irreproachable; doesn't smoke, chew, or drink; never was seen at a theatre; doesn't play cards or billiards; is active in the Young Men's Christian Association; record, A No. 1, extra. It

is decided to secure his services if he can be honorably released from his present situation. Salary is a secondary consideration. The book-keeper is instructed to drop him a note, asking him to call at the counting-room. It reads as follows:

"A. B. & Co.,
" Importers of Silks, English, French and German Cloths, Broadway.

"NEW YORK, December 1st, 1896.
"MR. HENRY GRANDERSON—*Dear Sir:*—If convenient, we should be pleased to have you call after business hours at our counting-room—say eight P. M. Strictly confidential. Yours,
"A. B. & Co."

Promptly at the hour named, Mr. Granderson is at the counting-room of A. B. & Co. He is told that their head salesman will leave on the first of January, 1897, and they need a man to fill his place. That, although they have hundreds of applicants, they are satisfied he is the man they want, and, if he is situated so that he can make the change without compromising himself, they are ready to engage him. As far as salary is concerned, they will make it satisfactory to him. Mr. G. replies that his term will be up in a few days, and he has not said anything to his firm nor they to him on the subject; he will confer with them at once, and see A. B. & Co. again. Three days later Mr. G. is at A. B. & Co.'s

office and informs them that his firm has proposed to double his salary, which has been five thousand dollars for the last year, rather than to have him leave. A. B. & Co. say, "Please call to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." Promptly at the moment Mr. G. is on hand. He is asked to step into the private office. A. B. & Co. say that they have concluded to make him a proposition to become one of the firm. He may consider his interest to be ten thousand dollars paid-up capital, and if he wishes to add to that sum he can do so. Mr. G.'s name is added to the firm. This may look a little over-drawn, but the incident is all literally true; nothing but the names are fictitious.

Were it necessary, and had we space, we could multiply similar cases. There are hundreds of men who are receiving a better salary than the President of the United States receives. There are a great many men who receive a thousand dollars a month; yes, and there are millions who do not receive over fifteen dollars a month and board. What causes the difference?

PUT ON THE APPEARANCE OF BUSINESS.

There is nothing like being always busy, doing something. Sitting down and waiting for customers is no way to build up a trade. People prefer to go into a store where the proprietor is so full of activity

that it seems almost impossible for him to stop to wait on customers. It gives an impression of a live man and plenty to do. No one cares to go the second time where all is as still as a graveyard, and the proprietor looking as if his last day had come, and moving about with a face as long as a yard-stick, with a voice as doleful as though he had been singing, "Hark, from the Tombs," for a month. Such conduct would make a customer stop as short a time as possible, and never go there again.

We knew a young physician who opened an office in a country village, and every day he would drive out ten or fifteen miles into the country at a rapid rate, and when he came back to the village his horse would be white with foam. Some days he would drive two horses—one in the forenoon, and a fresh one in the afternoon. Everybody said, "What a big practice our new doctor has!" There was not a farmer within a radius of twenty miles who didn't know the new doctor. The result was that he did get a large practice, but for the first three months he didn't have a patient. It was perfectly right for him to learn all about the country and the people, so as to be prepared to answer calls. He put on the appearance of business, and he secured what he sought for.

A few years ago a young man, a mason

by trade, went to Boston to seek employment. For two weeks he did nothing but walk the streets, dressed in his best Sunday suit, and failed to find any one who wanted his services. He concluded to change his procedure, and to put on the "appearance of business." So he bought a pail and a whitewash brush, and put on his working suit—well ornamented with whitewash—and started out early the next morning to advertise his calling. He went into the most fashionable portion of the city, the residences of the merchant princes, and along the streets at a rapid pace, as though he had a big job on his hands and was in a great hurry to be at the work. He had not proceeded far before a lady on the opposite side of the street espied him, and, raising her window, called to him to come across, as she wanted to speak to him. He crossed over and she asked him if he would stop and whiten some ceilings for her. "Not to-day, but I will come to-morrow," he replied. She told him to come, and away he went on his advertising tramp for the day. Before night he had secured all the work he wanted; and from that day until he made enough to retire from business, he didn't have to tramp the streets of Boston for work.

Young man, there is nothing like "putting on the appearance of business"—that

is, if you mean business. The public always want to employ the busy man. They invariably have suspicions of a man who has nothing to do. And well they may.

DON'T BE ABOVE YOUR BUSINESS.

Some young men fail because they have such exalted notions as to what they think is proper or becoming. This class, when clerks, are too proud to carry a bundle of any kind, and must hire an express or porter to carry a yard of muslin.

The late Amos Lawrence, one of Boston's most successful merchants—a millionaire—when a clerk in a dry-goods store, sold a parcel of goods, promising to have them delivered in Charlestown by twelve o'clock M. The porter, who was to take them over, failing to return as soon as expected, young Lawrence loaded the goods on a wheelbarrow and trundled them over the long bridge through the streets thronged with ladies and gentlemen, and had them there on time. Not one clerk in a thousand would have been seen following a wheelbarrow, even if their fortunes were at stake.

A snobbish young man, on his way to dinner, stopped at a grocery store, purchased a little tin box of ground mustard—less than a pound in weight—and asked to have it sent home, although he was going

directly there. A large four-horse truck (tandem) was loaded with the box of mustard, with as much show as if it had been a hogshead of molasses. The driver drove up to the front door of the young man's residence, backed his truck up to the sidewalk, and rolled off the little box of mustard, rung the door-bell, called the young gentleman to the door, delivered the mustard, and charged thirty-seven and a half cents for the job. The display in front of his residence did not add to his happiness in the least, for his amused neighbors enjoyed the show better than a first-class circus parade. It did not require any mustard-poultice to warm up his wounded pride that day. It was a good lesson to his snobbish, aristocratic notions. Such instances are but samples of thousands of exhibitions of mock aristocracy occurring every day in the year.

CHOICE OF BOARDING-HOUSES.

"*The whole of our life depends upon the persons with whom we live familiarly.*"

We gain nothing by being with such as ourselves. We encourage one another in mediocrity. *I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself.—Lamb.*

If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable.—*Bruyere.*

Choose the company of your superiors, whenever you can have it; that is right and true pride.—*Chesterfield.*

Select the best private family accessible, where culture and refinement are prized above show, where the choicest books, and papers, and music are thought more of than theatres, parties, and gossip. Better be at the foot of the table than at the head, every time. Development comes by contact with superior minds, not inferior. The first elevates, the other degenerates—letting down one's self to a lower level. Do not, to save a dollar a week, take board at a second-class house. You can't afford it. Economize in everything else, rather than associate with people devoid of all ambition for improvement. The society of refined young ladies will improve any young man. It will be a good school to those who may not have had the advantages of a liberal education.

A young man cannot be too particular about the society in which he moves. The old saying still holds good, that "a man is known by the company he keeps." Many a young man has lost golden opportunities, unknown to himself, simply by being seen in questionable company. "Show me his friends, his associates, and I will tell the character of a young man whose voice I have never heard," is true almost to the letter.

It is in the home in which the young man lives that he acquires his habits of

home-life, as well as his manner of thinking and conducting himself in his relations to others. No doubt it would be better for any young man who has the slightest desire to make the most of himself and his opportunities, to pay, if need be, double price for his board in order to be in a family where the best of social relations prevail, rather than to be deprived of the refining and elevating influences that are found in every good home. It is impossible to estimate in money the benefit that would result from such surroundings.

HOW TO INSURE SUCCESS.

PLUCK.

The world belongs to the energetic.—*Emerson.*

Success makes success, as money makes money. —*Chamfort.*

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—*Disraeli.*

Pluck is omnipotent. You may just as well be contented and satisfied to remain where you are, as to expect to meet with any degree of success in any business in which you may engage unless you possess an abundance of this essential element. This is a fast age. Everything goes with lightning rapidity. Time and distance are annihilated, and, to win success, one must be on time, or he will be ruled out. Some people, however, are so far in the rear that they would not be missed if they should drop out of existence at any time. It is an astonishing as well as an indisputable fact, that a great majority of the people of our own country never make any mark in the world. They live and die as the beasts—like so many sheep and cattle. The only force they exert, distinguishing one from another, is animal force,—so many "horse-power," gauged by the same scale as a steam-engine or a turbine-wheel is gauged to find its power.

A SERMON IN A PARAGRAPH.

President Porter, of Yale, once gave the following advice to the students of that institution:

"Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool; Pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws."

WAITING FOR THE ELEVATOR.

Some young men are devoid of the slightest ambition to work for their own

advancement. They may have some aspirations, perhaps, to occupy respectable positions in the community in which they live; wishing for some prominent place, a little above their associates, while they do not exercise any ambition to work their way upward. It reminds us of the steam elevators used in all first-class hotels, by which the guests are carried to their rooms. The guests have nothing to do but step in and take a seat in a little, elegantly furnished room, and in a few seconds they are up at the top story. No long flight of winding stair-cases to climb, when tired and weary. It is one of the greatest luxuries of modern hotel life. In a great rush, sometimes one has to wait a few minutes for the elevator before he can ascend. Thousands of young men to-day are waiting for an elevator—one that will carry them right up to the highest pinnacle of their lofty ambition. In vain they may wait for it. If they ever reach a respectable standing in any community, it will be by the old way of climbing up, step by step. No patent elevator has yet been invented, or ever will be, that will lift one up any other way than by his own individual efforts. Every one must construct his own elevator, and run it by his own inherent motive power—elevate himself—or he will never rise to any position worthy of the

noble powers with which nature has endowed him. If you are born a prince of royal blood, in due time, if you live, you will reach the throne, wear the crown, and sway the sceptre over loyal subjects, bowing to your nod; but that will not happen on this continent. My advice to every young man is: spend no time in tracing back your pedigree, as it is a great waste of time, for, if of royal lineage, you will not be lost sight of, for "blood will tell." You will be found out, and in due time elevated to the throne you were born to sit upon. So, if you are satisfied that such is not your destiny, do not wait for the elevator—it never will come down to carry you up. Your only chance is the old stair-case, and the sooner you convince yourself of the fact, and commence climbing step by step, the better—making every step count one step higher than the last, and, if you can pass your competitors on the up-grade, do it. Emulation is a noble quality of the soul, and should be exercised continually.

A word of caution: Do not become too greatly elated and lose your balance. Be sure of your footing, placing every step you take firmly on the treads. Although the stair-case is very old, it will be found just as firm and secure as it was when the first traveler passed up. Do not wait, then, for the elevator. We often hear of young

men telling of their future prospects—"laying back" on their oars at ease; building air-castles to vanish with the breath that inflates them. They are waiting for an elevator.

A young man says, "My father is a candidate for sheriff, and, if he is elected, I am to be his deputy." He is waiting for the elevator. Another says, "When my old uncle is dead, I shall come into possession of a fortune—enough to keep me, without any business to bother my head about." He is only waiting for his elevator. Thousands of young men have in store for themselves "great expectations," of fortune or position; all are waiting for the elevator. Just where or how it is to come they have not the faintest conception. They anticipate that some motive power will be brought into requisition, which will just lift them right up to the very places they have selected as congenial to their tastes and ambition. They belong to the class that is always hanging around the foot of the stair-cases, waiting for the elevator that never comes down to take them up.

BLEW UP HIS SHIPS—BURNED THE BRIDGES.

We read of a general who, after landing his troops in the enemy's country, blew up his ships, so that his men might know there was no going back with him; it was fight

or die. So it was with the general who burned the bridges behind him. When an army knows all retreat is cut off it will fight, like the man teaching a swimming-school, who threw his boys overboard and told them to "strike out," which they had to do or drown. In battle, the raw recruits are often put in the front and the old veterans in the rear, to prevent a hasty retreat or a panic. If many young men were harnessed where they could not get away, and "must pump or drown," they might dazzle the world by their brilliant achievements.

DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.

The May of life only blooms once.—*Schiller.*

"Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born to succeed, not to fail."

Putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day, is only putting off the main chance, to be defeated at last. A general in the British army, who was asked when he would be ready to sail for India, replied, "Now;" and he won the title of "Marshal Forward." General Grant won his battles by being always ready to move at once, and with alacrity, at the right time. "I propose to move on your works immediately," was what saved one sanguinary conflict. This timidity—this seeing a bear or a lion in the way—is fatal to any man's success. If you once commence to

dodge or go around the first obstacle that confronts you, you will do so the next, and so on. How many young men say on New Year's day, "I am going to turn over a new leaf. I am going to strike out," but find when the end of the year comes around, that they did not turn over the leaf, and did not strike out! The majority of men fall into a rut and remain in it until they die. A year only counts one, and doesn't count anything else. They come in on the same track on which they went out—unlike the old man's dog that came in "a little ahead of the fox."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE CONFLICT IS YOURS—ARE YOU READY FOR THE BATTLE?

It is impossible to be a hero in anything, unless one is first a *hero in faith.—Jacobi.*

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps;
  Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
  He wins who dares the hero's march.

Be thou a hero! let thy might
  Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
  Hew down a passage unto day.
—Park Benjamin.

It will never do for a young man to sit down and wait for something to turn up; he must turn up something for himself. If he expects any one to neglect his own affairs to work for him personally, he will be greatly mistaken. Each one has a battle of his own on hand to fight, and if he does not strip himself for the conflict, he will be ingloriously defeated. It is a free fight, and every one has a chance for himself. If he sits down and waits for assistance, or for someone to fight the battle for him, his chances of winning success will be lost, and he will be lodged in a ditch from which he never can extricate himself. This "waiting for Blucher," or some one else, to come

to your aid, is simply to be vanquished while you are waiting. Waiting for some rich relative, some old aunt or uncle, to die, strikes the death-knell of your opportunities—tolls the bell for your own funeral—and when you are ready for burial, mourners will be few. If you succumb to the first little obstacle that confronts you, the next will be more formidable, and so on *ad infinitum*. To lie down and give up to opposition, is fatal to your success in anything you undertake.

OPPOSITION.

He who wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Burke.*

Every young man, in order to rise, must have opposition. The kite will not go up in a calm, or remain up when it is calm. A vessel cannot sail on a quiet sea, in a dead calm. It is the storm that hastens the bark to its destination. To develop power you must meet opposition. It is competition, opposition, that brings a man out. It avails nothing for a young man to be at the head of his class all the time. It is enervating to any student to be always the best one of his class, for then he has no stimulant to nerve him up to greater efforts. You must have opposition if you would excel.

When one of Napoleon's marshals told him the Alps were in the way of his proposed campaign, he answered him, with tremendous emphasis, "There are no Alps." Mountains piled upon mountains, gorges, chasms, or glaciers, however broad, or deep, or slippery, became mere mole-hills before his resistless, unconquerable ambition. No such word as "fail" was in his vocabulary.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

General Taylor won imperishable renown in the war with Mexico, and was designated as "the man who never knew when he was whipped." With all of his bull-dog tenacity he ever kept on fighting. Propelled by his indomitable spirit which knew no surrender, he never gave up; though his army might be cut in pieces, and half of his troops lying dead on the battle-field, he would rally his broken and shattered ranks to charge the enemy again with redoubled fury. Although every advantage was with the Mexicans, yet General Taylor's invincible spirit fired his gallant soldiers with a dash and daring that carried dismay into the ranks of the enemy, and, sweeping down on them with terrific impetuosity, no force was left on the battle-field to oppose him. The enemy fled like chaff before a whirlwind; General Tay-

lor won the *sobriquet* that will ever attach to his name—"Rough and Ready"—the soldier who "never knew when he was whipped." That unconquerable spirit made the gallant soldier the twelfth President of the United States. Such is the stuff heroes are made of. No milk-and-water composition in the men who make their mark in the world! They did not spend their best days lying around street-corners and saloons, waiting for something to turn up. Far from it. They were preparing for the fight years before the battle began, and that was what made them victorious when the crisis came.

ON THE VOYAGE—EACH ONE HIS OWN PILOT.

"Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true;
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.

"When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And towards the beacon mark,
Paddle your own canoe.

"Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But, if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe."

Launched on the voyage of life, every young man eventually arrives at a point where his little bark must be cut loose from

pilotage, and the guiding hand of parental care must be withdrawn. Each returning wave will carry him still farther away, and, if he would reach the desired port in safety, he must "paddle his own canoe." No one can or will paddle it for him, and the sooner he becomes aware of this fact the better. However much he may dread its hardships and dangers, or however weary he becomes, there is no escape from it—there is no going ashore. Inexorable fate compels every one to make the voyage. Success or failure rests with each voyager. Already he is adrift. He is in the current—ever increasing as it bears him farther and farther out to where the billows run the highest and storms rage the fiercest. The desired haven is up stream, and the current is full of wrecks sweeping past, greatly increasing the danger. The trip affords no quiet harbor, no lee shore, no anchorage-ground; no stopping-place along the way for rest; no place where the current slackens its swiftness. It never slackens; it is always rapid, ever increasing as the years speed along. There can be no resting on the oars. Every lost stroke imperils the safety of the voyage. Only by constant and vigorous pulling at the oars can the rushing current be overcome. Drop the oars, or lie down at ease, and the current sweeps the bark downward, and the longer the rest,

the swifter it goes, with ever-accelerating speed. Every moment it rapidly nears the whirlpool—the vortex. If once caught by the boiling surges, your fate is sealed. A leap, a plunge, and you are engulfed in an abyss from which there is no rescue—no escape. The voyage is over—it is lost. "Oh! the wrecks along that shore!" It is lined with stranded barks. Would you look at them? Visit the jails, the state prisons, the mad-houses—they are there. Listen to the sad tales they tell, and the songs they sing. The refrain is but the wail of thousands—of millions; of fortunes lost, of hopes blasted, of disappointed ambitions, and of hopeless despair, over the failure of a voyage that cannot be repeated. Daily the tale is told—the song is sung in doleful strains, like funeral marches of the dead.

Do you want to see the barks that are floating down stream? They are everywhere. Young men loafing on the street-corners are floating down stream; young men hanging around saloons, playing cards for drinks, are floating down stream; young men wasting their precious time in idleness are floating down stream; young men who neglect the cultivation of their intellectual talents are floating down stream; young men who squander their earnings, saving nothing, are floating

down stream. They are a dangerous class in any community. Property, life, are nothing to them.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN MUST HAVE.

Every young man must have a chart, a compass, and an anchor, with a cable that will not part. Hundreds of young men start out having none of these. Going to sea without a compass is to be lost; going to sea without a chart is foolhardiness; going to sea without an anchor and a strong cable, is simply to be driven by every gale, to be dashed upon the rocks and lost. You must trace out on your chart, in detail, the way you wish to go. You must grasp the helm, and hold it firm on the course, against all combined forces. Never let go the helm.

DON'T GIVE UP.

On the day of victory no weariness is felt.—*Arabic Proverb.*

The continual dropping of water will wear away the hardest stone. It is the repeated blows that break the rock. It is the last stroke of the pick that turns up the shining dust. Many a man has been right on the brink of a princely fortune and lost it through not striking one blow more. When you take hold of an enterprise, stick to it until you have tested it. Go to the end. It was the last shot that hit the

magazine and blew up the enemy's works. Add one step more before you abandon the race.

Governor Morton, of Massachusetts, was a candidate for sixteen successive years before he was chosen to the office, and at last was elected by a majority of only one vote.

PERSEVERANCE.

One step and then another,
  And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
  And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
  And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
  And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
  By their slow and constant motion
Have built those pretty islands
  In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
  Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
  Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
  On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
  You never can get through;
But just endeavor day by day
  Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
  Will prove to be a plain.

A Davenport boy went to New York to solicit a position to travel for a wholesale

house. He went five times to one establishment, and every time was told they did not want to engage him. He tried to prevail on them to allow him to make a trial trip. No, they would not do that. Finally he proposed to buy a small stock of goods. This was business. They were ready to sell. He went upon the road, sold his stock and made money. The firm saw that he "meant business," and they consented to employ him to travel for them. Now he is one of the firm, and is worth a large sum of money. It was his persistence that won. Not one boy in a hundred would have had the courage to apply a second time. Nothing like courage and faith when an object is to be accomplished.

A young man brought up to hard work on a farm, trained to the closest economy in his earlier years, has the power of endurance that a city boy does not possess; consequently has at least one of the qualities needed to make the better business man.

CATCHING THE TRAIN.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—*Philarete Chasles.*

We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures.—*Shakspeare.*

We have seen a man start out to take a morning train. He would look at his watch and say, "Well, I am a little late this

morning; I guess I shall miss the train," and he goes moping along just as though he meant to miss it. He hears the whistle and then begins to quicken his pace. As the train nears the depot he runs with all his might, and arrives at the depot just as the train moves out at the opposite end. Out of breath, he exclaims, "That is just my luck. I expected I would miss it when I started." See the difference: His neighbor looks at his watch, and says to his wife, "Only three minutes to train-time; I'll make it; good-bye!" and he tears down street; and, just as the train reaches the depot, he enters at the opposite end, and remarks to a friend, that this is "a little the quickest time" he ever made—"I told my wife I'd make it, and I am here." This man runs to win—the other runs to miss. Each had the same time and had to cover the same distance.

Resolution is mighty, when backed by an unconquerable will to carry it out. Resolution is worthless, when there is nothing to back it. It was the starting-place where the race was decided.

There is never but one opportunity of a kind. O! opportunity, thy guilt is great.—*Thoreau.*

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS LOST! TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WON!

The man who went on the first train bought the morning paper, and looking

over the market reports found that nails had advanced seventy-five cents per keg. As soon as he reached his counting-room he withdrew from sale all the nails he had on hand. He sent out his confidential clerk to buy all the nails he could at "yesterday's prices." He drops into the store of the man who missed the morning train, buys his entire stock of nails, to be delivered on call, and passes over a check for the same. The next train, three hours later, brings in the man who missed the first train. Clerks are busy, and a large pile of letters from correspondents requires his first attention. When lunch-time arrives he steps into the merchant's dining-rooms, and while waiting to be served looks over the morning paper, reads the market reports, and learns that nails have advanced seventy-five cents per keg. Bolting his dinner hurriedly he hastens back to his store to "mark up prices" on nails, and finds that his neighbor has bought him out at "yesterday's prices." He exclaims, "Just my luck; missing the first train, I have missed a clean profit of ten thousand dollars on the stock of nails I had on hand last night." Luck! There was no luck about it. It was the two minutes too late for the first train. Young man, remember to take the first train. The first man made ten thousand dollars, and the last man lost

ten thousand dollars that he might have made.

EXPERIENCE MUST BE PAID FOR.

Young men, however enthusiastic they may be, or however hard they may work to win success in a business they have never learned, must pay liberally to learn the business, and may make a miserable failure at last. It is a very absurd idea that a person can enter into a business without the slightest knowledge of it, and compete successfully with old and experienced men, who have been trained to it from boyhood, and thoroughly educated in it. Suppose some foolhardy fellow should step up to the engineer of a passenger-train, some dark and stormy night, and say to him, "Mr. Engineer, allow me to take your place at the engine. I have seen how you pull those levers. I can do that as well as you." Do you think there would be a single passenger who would remain on the train, with such a fellow at the throttle-valve? Do you think a pilot on one of the great steamers on Long Island Sound, coming into New York harbor, in a raging storm, or even on a clear moonlight night, would stand aside and allow a stranger, who never was on a steamer before in his life, to take the helm? Would not the passengers rise and hurl the intruder from the

wheel? Every passenger's life would be in peril—all would be liable to death every moment. An indignation meeting would be held at once. The pilot, captain, and all hands would be condemned as guilty of the grossest carelessness, and utterly unworthy of the positions they occupied. The idea of allowing an ignoramus to act as engineer or pilot, where lives and property are in constant jeopardy, would bring down the anathemas of every one, simply because of his ignorance of the requirements of the position he assumes to fill. It is precisely so with a young man who thinks he can run any kind of business he may wish to engage in, when he knows not the first requisites. Not one in a hundred will succeed who makes the trial. You can write it down as one of your maxims, that "It costs money to learn how to do business successfully."

HOW SOME MEN HAVE SUCCEEDED.

ECONOMY THE SECRET.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.—*Franklin.*

Economy is of itself a great revenue.—*Cicero.*

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—*Franklin.*

Economizing one's resources is the true secret of success. It is the best foundation upon which any successful business man can build his fortune. A young man, a stranger, in the city of Boston, traveled up and down the streets, seeking employment, but being unsuccessful in finding what he wanted, he stumbled upon a load of coal lying on a sidewalk, and took the job of shoveling it into the cellar for a York shilling (twelve and a half cents). He saved the shilling, and it was the first step towards the acquisition of the magnificent fortune he afterward secured.

We know a young man who started business on his own account, with a small capital, in a city among strangers. At first, trade came to him slowly. Profits were small, and he was compelled to cut down his expenses to the lowest cent. Did he

board at a first-class hotel, at sixty or seventy dollars per month, and treat the acquaintances he made to cigars and drinks? Did he come out with a new suit every six days? Did he spend his Sundays behind a fast horse? No! He lived with his business, slept with it, and set his own table. His regular diet consisted of baker's bread and fruit, apples, raw tomatoes, etc., at the cost of ten cents a day. Did he succeed? Yes. Every young man can and will succeed when he makes up his mind to it. The trouble with most young men is, they will not make up their minds, and don't half try. A thousand good resolutions are but a waste of paper and ink, when not backed up with an invincible spirit ready to carry them out, or die in the effort.

To any one of our readers who has not been to St. Louis, we will say that, should you ever go there, you will find two very remarkable attractions, on which St. Louis prides itself. One is the great bridge across the Mississippi river—a wonderful piece of engineering skill; the other is Shaw's botanical gardens, where the choicest and rarest of flowers, shrubs, plants, or trees can be seen growing to perfection. To our idea, it comes the nearest to Paradise of anything on this earth. If you have anything that grows in soil, of which Mr. Shaw has not a duplicate, he

will pay you handsomely for it. Mr. Shaw is nature's nobleman. His enterprise reaches to the ends of the earth; he has spent thousands of dollars in securing every variety of plant, bringing together within his garden walls the most complete horticultural collection on the globe, and no expense or labor is withheld to bring everything to perfection; yet, after all this immense outlay, and many years of toil and labor, the whole world is generously invited to come in and enjoy it with him, and the great iron gate swings wide open to admit the humblest and the poorest man, woman, or child who knocks at its portals.

How did Mr. Shaw become so wealthy? Were his riches bequeathed to him by some rich relative in the old country? When St. Louis was simply a little trading-post, Mr. Shaw lived in a log-hut on the banks of the river, and sold jack-knives, fish-hooks, etc. From time to time, as he could spare a little money from the profits of his jack-knife sales, he invested it in land around St. Louis, which the government was selling at $1.25 per acre, and as the city increased in population, his lands appreciated in value, and he became immensely rich by the rise in his land investments. Mr. Shaw practiced the strictest economy until he secured a fortune.

WORKING TO WIN.

Two young men entered into a partnership and bought a manufacturing establishment in the vicinity of Davenport, Ia., expecting, with an ordinary amount of diligence, to succeed. They very soon learned that they had been grossly deceived as to the amount of business there was to be done, and that the establishment was so run down and worn out that it would require a large outlay before they could realize anything. Not being thoroughly conversant with the business, they needed to rely upon others to direct what should be done, and in this they were again outrageously deceived. It did not take them long to comprehend the situation—that they were badly involved. Two ways opened before them—either to quit work, abandon the property, and lose all, or buckle down to the task of trying to carry the heavy burden saddled upon them. The latter course was decided upon, and they went to work with a will that nothing could dampen or discourage. The first step was to cut down their personal expenses to the very lowest cent; to spend not a dime except when absolutely unavoidable. Their table expenses were adjusted on that basis. Butter, tea, sugar, and coffee were stricken from the bill of fare. Flour and

corn-bread were their regular diet. For years they lived in this way and worked incessantly, day and night; saving everywhere—wasting nothing. It was business with them, year in and year out, and no holidays—no vacations. Five years passed, and with it passed the burden, the heavy load, and to-day they are able to live without labor. It was the indomitable spirit of sticking to it that won the victory. It always wins.

It never yet happened to any man, since the beginning of the world, nor ever will, to have all things according to his desires, or to whom fortune was never opposite and adverse.—*Burton.*

Twenty-five years ago four young men were attending the Iowa College, when it was located at Davenport, and, having no income or friends to help them, they were obliged to work their way as best they could. They occupied a garret over a store near the corner of Second and Brady streets. On Saturdays they did little jobs around the town, sawing wood, or whatever they could find to do. One cleaned bottles for D. C. Eldridge, when he was in the drug busine s. They finished their college course, and were graduated with honors. The partnership of bachelor's hall was dissolved, each going his own way to make his mark in the world. Three of those young men have become ministers. One,

Rev. Mr. Tade, is settled in Oregon. Two were brothers—one, Rev. William Windsor, is the honored pastor of the Congregational church at Marshalltown, and his brother, Rev. J. H. Windsor, has been settled at Grafton, Massachusetts, for many years. The fourth became a lawyer, went to St. Louis, married into a wealthy family, and became one of the first lawyers in the profession. During the war he held a very important office under the government. He was the boy who washed the bottles for Mr. Eldridge, that he might earn his bread while pursuing his studies in Iowa college.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

A slight debt produces a debtor; a heavy one, an enemy.—*Publius Syrus.*

Getting trusted for an article is by some considered equivalent to paying for it. Make up your mind that you never will put on a single article of apparel until it is paid for. Better go with patches on both knees and with a crownless hat, than run in debt for new ones. It is better to have patches on your knees than a patch on your credit. If you only start right, and pay as you go, you will be right all the time. We know of young men who are always behind in their payments. They get credit for a suit

of clothes, and wear them as long as they can, and then order new ones, paying up for the old one, only to get a year's credit on the new. This costs fully forty per cent more than it costs the "cash" customer. When a tailor takes a long-time customer he holds him right down to the grindstone. Who desires to be seen on the street in mortgaged apparel? Here a tailor says, "There goes one of my customers, with a suit that's not paid for." Make up your mind never to have your name on any man's books, for personal expenses of any kind. This getting trusted for a box of collars, or a tooth-pick, is a bad practice, besides being expensive. No dealer will take his chances of losing, without a substantial profit. Debt injures any young man's reputation. When you are a merchant a different course may be advisable. If you have a small capital it may be necessary to incur some indebtedness; yet we are of the opinion that, in the long run, buying and selling strictly for cash is the best way to do business. A cash buyer can go wherever he pleases; he is independent of everybody.

HINDRANCES TO A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

IS POVERTY A HINDRANCE?

The greatest blessing that a young man can enjoy is *poverty.—Dr. Holland.*

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a boy to be drowned who was worth saving.—*President Garfield.*

Boys born in poverty have the best chances for success, for the best of all reasons: that they are compelled to rely upon themselves—upon their own individual efforts—while the sons of the rich rely upon the wealth of their fathers, and have no incentive to industry and economy—no dire necessity which throws them solely upon their own resources. Their wants are well supplied, while the poor boy has to work hard to live; and, if he acquires an education, it is by great personal sacrifice. If a poor boy once gets a thirst for an education—gets his ambition "fired up,"—it will carry him through. Some of the most distinguished men of our country left the humble cottages where they were born—up among the hills—with all their personal

estate tied in a cotton handkerchief, never to return until they had drank deep from the fountain of knowledge. Hundreds of illustrious men might be named, who were born and reared in poverty, and left their homes penniless—homes of the plainest kind, where comforts were unknown; where it was a constant struggle for the family to live, daily fighting the wolf from the door; where hunger and even want sat daily around the family board.

Many eminent men were born in homes that were cold and cheerless, around which storms howled and screeched for admittance; the snow of winter often sprinkling the beds wherein lay sleeping the men of the future. No hot-air furnaces there to burn up the pure oxygen—life's greatest elixir—sapping the bloom and flush from the rosy cheeks, and the health from the system. That's the way the men of the great cities commenced their early life. They had a discipline superior to those hot-houses where unnatural growth is stimulated at the expense of an impaired constitution, resulting in premature old age and early death.

Sons of distinguished men—of the great statesmen—have seldom risen above the positions reached by their fathers—seldom have held an equal position—not one in a hundred, or, perhaps, one in a thousand.

The majority drop far below it—down to the level of the commonest people. Some have become roving vagabonds—dishonoring, and disgracing their family names. Only once in the history of our country has the mantle of a distinguished statesman rested with equal honors on his son. That son was John Quincy Adams. Where are the sons of the other Presidents? Of other public men—of Clay, of Webster, and scores of illustrious men who have electrified their hearers with their glowing eloquence? They are dead—dead to all that was noble or grand in the lives of their fathers; dead to all ambition, to every impulse of a noble nature; dead, buried, unmissed from society, without mourners—no monument erected by a grateful people over their graves to carry their names down to generations unborn.

Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, was once asked why he did not make his son his private secretary. "Because," he answered, "I think too much of my boy to set him riding on top of a bubble. He must prepare for honorable work in life; besides, my family are not going to be provided with offices."

MONEY WELL EARNED GOES THE FARTHEST.

When a young man earns one hundred dollars by hard work, he knows its value.

Rich men's sons, who never earned a dollar in their lives, and have all they want to spend, do not know, cannot know, the value of a dollar, and never will know until they are compelled to earn one by hard labor. There are young men in college who spend annually more than five thousand dollars, while classmates are compelled to cut expenses down to less than five hundred. We will venture the prediction that the one who spends the least money while at college will be by far the better scholar, and have the most money in ten years. One goes to college because he has a rich father to pay all the bills, while the other goes because he is anxious to secure a good education, knowing its value as a means to his future success; and to secure it he must fight his way through poverty and deny himself many of the ordinary comforts of life.

A story is told of a young man living in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, who was steady and industrious, driving an ox-team, at eighteen dollars per month. His aunt died, leaving him an estate worth two million dollars, besides a royalty worth two thousand dollars per day. Becoming so suddenly rich, he did not know what to do with himself or his fortune. He had never been away from his mountain home, and knew nothing of the great world outside of

the narrow bounds in which he lived. He decided to see the world, and, for company, he hired several young men to go along with him to help enjoy the sights and spend the money. They started out for Columbus, Ohio. Arriving at the depot, he got up a quarrel with the hackman about the fare, and finally settled by buying the hack and hiring the driver to take himself and friends to the hotel. Here he engaged an entire floor for his party, and lay all night drunk on the parlor carpet. Next day he bought more horses and selected a driver to take them around the city. When there were no more sights to see, he presented the driver with the hack, horses, and all. So he went from city to city, spending his money in the most lavish manner—astonishing bootblacks, hotel-runners, and table-waiters by gifts of hundred-dollar or five-hundred-dollar bank-notes. Any way to get rid of two thousand dollars a day! He drank at every fountain of pleasure, giving free rein to all the passions. But this style of living could not last long. The end came in less than two years.

The money did not fail; there was no lack of funds—no lack of places to visit or sights to see. He was arrested for a debt. A stern officer—disease—laid his hands upon him. He was bound fast. No bonds would be accepted—he could not get bail.

His two millions could not purchase his release nor a reprieve and he had to accept the inexorable fate—death. Do you think when he came down to the border-land, he was happy, as he looked back over the last two years of his life? Was not eighteen dollars a month, driving oxen, better than two thousand dollars a day, with all the dissipation, and disgrace, and disease he had contracted, for which there was no relief—no cure? Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard, and "the wages of sin is death." There is a greater misfortune than being born poor. It is in being heir to great wealth and not knowing how to use it wisely. Wealth that comes without effort, without toil, is not always a blessing.

A young man in Boston was left with a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, and in one year's time he had spent it all in gambling and dissipation. Such instances are by no means rare in this country.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS MONEY CANNOT BUY.

The sons and daughters of the wealthy are given the very best advantages afforded in this country or abroad. Everything is done for them that money and influence can do. A distinguished teacher said to us, that it was an almost hopeless task to make

a good musician, vocal or instrumental, out of pupils from the wealthier classes—that they should often send them home, were it not for the interest the parents had in having their child learn music.

What is the early history of all the singers in the fashionable churches in the large cities? Are they from the aristocracy? No; they came from the poor families—from some country home, up among the mountains, where they had no advantages for improvement. There was where they were inspired. The singing of birds, and the music of the "rocks and rills," fitted their souls for more ambitious strains. The more they became filled with nature's music the greater became their thirst to drink more deeply from its fountains. Mountains and hills echo gladsome strains —songs almost divine. A party from the city, roughing it in the woods, catch the echoes, as they leap from hill to hill, from crag to cliff, and they are thrilled, entranced. Where could such strains of music come from—"sweet as an angel's voice?" The song ceases. The singer must be found. They search. A log-cabin is discovered. They approach. A timid girl retreats behind it. A rap at the door meets the response, "Come in." They tell of the music that charmed them, and inquire who and where was the singer. The

woman knows of no singer there. "That is strange. Have you not a little daughter who sings?" "Oh, yes; my little girl sings to herself. She knows nothing about music." "Will you have her come in and sing for us?" And the timid girl comes reluctantly from her hiding-place to sing one of her wild mountain songs. "Ah, we have found you out; you are the angel we heard singing so sweetly." Five years pass. If you are in New York, go to a certain church, on Madison avenue, and you will hear the same sweet singer singing for a salary of three thousand dollars a year.

BRAINS AND LABOR: RESULT—SUCCESS.

BRAIN-POWER.

It is brains that win, that conquer and control all powers. Brains in harness hold the reins of all combined forces, animal and mechanical, as well as elemental. A celebrated painter was once asked what he "mixed his paints with." He replied, "With brains." Most of the great battles of the world were not won by brute force, nor by the superiority in numbers of men engaged on one side over the other, but by the brain-power of the victorious commanders, who could arrange all the plans for the battle, days, weeks, even months, before a movement was made or a gun fired, with every division and every man assigned to the right position in advance. Victory was simply the inevitable result of developed brain-power.

Individuals vary in the quantity of the brain they have at birth. It is a fact that many a man has made his mark in the world who had, by actual weight, a very small brain, yet wonderfully active; while other men, with Websterian brains, judging by weight, have hardly made a ripple. Like the rich, deep soil of the Mississippi valley, the brain is of no more value,

without cultivation, than the rocky soil of New England, or the sand of an African desert.

"There are many cases in which an extraordinary intellect has accompanied a heavy brain, but often men whose mental superiority is undoubted, had brains under the average weight. The cast of Raphael's skull shows that it was smaller than the average skull; Charles Dickens's head was rather smaller than the average; Lord Byron's head was remarkably small; Charles Lamb's did not come up to the average weight; and it is well-known that at the death of Gambetta his brain was found to be smaller than that of an ordinary Parisian laborer."

THE PATH-FINDER.

When General Fremont, the great path-finder, undertook to lead his pioneer soldiers over a trackless waste across the Rocky mountains, through the deep and constantly falling snows of a terribly cold winter—a long march of untold suffering, which was only surpassed by the army of Napoleon, on its return from Moscow—he had an experience that tested his mettle, and developed his power to control his men and himself under a great and trying emergency. He had not proceeded far on that perilous march before his men began

to falter—disheartened and overcome by the fatigue of wading through the deep snow, and by the intensely bitter cold of that great altitude. Falling behind, many of his men would lie down in their tracks to die. Squads of men would be sent back to bring in the stragglers, but no amount of persuasion—no realization of the horrors of death by freezing, of being a feast for wolves, and no amount of force used upon them could rouse them even to reach the camp, and they had to be left where they were — to their fate. Fremont became alarmed as he saw his ranks diminishing, and he was fearful that the whole command would perish in the mountains.

But he was equal to the emergency, and issued imperative orders to shoot the first man who lay down on the march. The result was electric. Not a man straggled behind; not a man was shot; the command was saved. An indomitable, unconquerable spirit, was master of the situation. Until the last man was dead in his tracks, and his own last drop of blood congealed in his veins, he would unfalteringly execute his plans. It was victory or death. To have halted was sure death; to go forward was death, had he slackened his discipline in the smallest degree.

Was it the sudden, unexpected difficul-

ties with which he found himself surrounded that made him a hero in that perilous expedition? Far from it. It was the discipline, the training, the conquering of himself years before this, which had fitted him for just such an emergency. How unlike Alexander the Great, who subdued everything but himself. When Fremont mapped out a plan of action, it was to win. Everything—every movement—was planned with a view to its accomplishment. Probably not one man in a million could have crossed the Rocky mountains under similar circumstances. General Fremont well earned the name of "Path-finder."

WANT A TURNPIKE.

Genius finds its own road, and carries its own lamp.—*Willmont.*

Out of difficulties grew miracles.—*Bruyere.*

Some men can easily follow a well-beaten road, but when it comes to cutting their way through a trackless wilderness, over mountains towering up among the clouds, in the deep snow, facing the terrific blasts of an Arctic winter, sweeping down upon them from the lofty and barren peaks of the Rockies, they are out of their element. Contrast General Fremont's achievements with the Donner lake catastrophe. Here was a party of some seventy persons, who undertook, in mid-winter, to go through to

California, and were lost in the snow, and compelled to eat the dead bodies of their companions. Every soul perished. They had no Fremont for a leader, and so leader and all perished.

BORN GREAT.

Notwithstanding the ancient saying, men are not born great; greatness is not thrust upon any one. Men who have distinguished themselves have carved out their own fortunes by indefatigable zeal, and unconquerable determination never to surrender—never to give up. They became the "architects of their own fortunes." The way is clear; the doors stand wide open for every young man in America to accomplish something that may make his pathway through life bright, and leave for him a name that will rot be forgotten, when he shall have finished his career.

There are plenty of illustrations of what young men have accomplished by faithful concentration of their efforts on special lines of scientific investigation. The same opportunities have been and are now open to hundreds of young men in our city, and in every city in the country. Why do they not improve them? Are their minds occupied in scientific researches in other directions, preparing to bring before the world new discoveries in the sciences and arts?

It is one of the saddest thoughts to every reflective mind that so many young men, endowed with good natural abilities, if exercised in the right direction, are wasting their talents aimlessly. They could distinguish themselves in the world if they would only turn their efforts in the right channels. Instead of that, they neglect the cultivation of their talents, and the fires that ought to burn clear and bright are smothered. The fine abilities of the young men of to-day, if properly developed, would, in twenty years, revolutionize the world. The wheels of progress would roll on, and the wonders of to-day would be eclipsed by the new and greater discoveries in the world of science. The present modes of travel and of interchange of thought would become too slow and obsolete.

There was a time when the earth was supposed to be the centre of the universe, and the heavenly bodies to revolve around it. Astronomers then discovered that the sun was the centre of a system, and every member of the system revolved around the sun. More powerful telescopes were constructed, which revealed stars that did not seem to revolve around the sun. The heavens were scanned for years to solve the mystery. Larger telescopes were made, sweeping across the immense spaces without limit, and other stars, other worlds,

appeared. This new and startling discovery was overwhelming. The stupendous proposition could not be solved by any previous hypothesis. In vain have philosophers tried to fix the bounds, to limit the power of the infinite, beyond which He could not act or exist; yet, when the mind grasped each new discovery, the curtain lifted to unfold still greater mysteries. The vastness, the immense distances intervening between our systems and other unknown systems, is as yet unfathomable and incomprehensible. Where is the end—where the bounds? Who, by searching, can find out the Almighty? What a field remains to be explored in the starry heavens! Who are to build the greater instruments of the future? Who are to read the heavens under the light of the next new revelation? Who are to be the men to startle the world by revolutionizing the present methods of travel by sea, earth, and air?

The world is in its infancy. Each day brings a new revelation; each year brings new demonstration of man's progress in supremacy over the elements above and under the earth. A decade, and the world of science and art erects a barrier between the past and present, that buries in obscurity the wonders of a dying generation. What possibilities for the young man of

the period, just stepping upon the stage of active life, to revel in the new and startling developments, surpassing all the achievements of centuries gone before! What opportunities to inscribe his name high above all of the combined wisdom of the past and present! Young man, look up, and not down! There is plenty of room at the top for you. Will you occupy it? The burden is on your shoulders. Will you carry it? And, concentrating your efforts upon one thing, with indomitable energy, you will be the victorious champion of whatever you shall undertake.

"The gods sell everything good for labor."

HOW ONE MAN WON.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.—*Napoleon.*

For they can conquer who believe they can.—*Virgil.*

Some twenty-five years ago a young man left his home in Massachusetts, and took a situation in a mercantile house to sell dry goods and Yankee notions. It was not, however, congenial to his tastes or education. He therefore dropped the yard-stick, jumped the counter, and said good-bye to all. He entered the law office of a leading attorney of Davenport, and went to reading Blackstone, Coke, etc. His financial condition was such that he did not need to solicit the banks to take charge of his sur-

plus funds; neither did they solicit his deposits. There was, in this regard, a mutual indifference all around. He may have been troubled with dyspepsia, for he avoided hotel fare, and accepted, in lieu thereof, plain boarding-house diet. His theory was, that to become a good student, whether for business or for a profession, the best plan was to fall in love with the calling. He practiced this theory, and became thoroughly enthusiastic in pursuit of legal lore, applying himself diligently to his books day and night. His wardrobe answered the double purpose of dress for the day and dress for the night—bed-spreads and all. His economy was worthy of the highest praise. A financial crisis hung over him continually, and all that saved him from going under were insignificant cases before police justices, which his employer would not undertake, and which were turned over to our hero to make what he could out of them.

Opportunities of this kind were exceedingly welcome; the practice and fees were well appreciated. Indefatigable in his attention to the duties of the office where he was employed, always ready to work day and night, if necessary, reading up the authorities, preparing cases for trial, etc., his services became very valuable. Such devotion to business is sure to bring its

reward in due time. Most young men do not realize this fact, however, till too late in life. The business of the office was constantly increasing. A partner was wanted, and, although a score of young men had been trained in the same office, none had been so devoted to the interests of the office as he, and so he became the junior partner. Poverty had been his companion in all these years.

Now the wheel of fortune begins to revolve anew, and brings around to the new partner, from one case gained, a snug fee of more than forty thousand dollars. Other suits gained roll in additional fees, fat and heavy. Our young attorney does not eat boarding-house fare now, or sleep in his clothes on a bunk, under the shadows of cords of legal opinions, or sit up night after night to write up briefs. He has retired from the practice of the law, owns a charming villa, lives in the quiet enjoyment of one of Davenport's most beautiful homes, where friends are always welcome. He has spent nearly two years traveling in foreign countries. He is a true gentleman, greeting all with a genuine cordiality that makes one feel better every time of meeting. He did not consult fortune-tellers or spirit-rappers, but went to work to make his fortune, and made it by labor—the way all legitimate fortunes are made.

Let us suppose that he had been indifferent and unaccommodating every time he was asked to do a little extra work; the result would have been that he would be where hundreds of other young men are to-day—without money and without reputation, filling a place that is better unfilled. Whenever we hear "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!" sung, we think of its venerable author, and his son, S. F. Smith, Esq., of Oak Lawn, Davenport, Iowa.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.—*George Herbert.*

MEN WHO STARTED AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.—*Goldsmith.*

My advice is to consult the lives of other men, as we would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for our imitation.—*Terence.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life.—*Shakspeare.*

There is transcendent power in example.—*Madame Swetchine.*

General Grant, when the war broke out, was tanning hides at Galena, Illinois. He had been a farmer, had hauled wood into St. Louis, and had failed to make a fortune at farming or anything else. When he was appointed colonel of an Illinois regiment, he had not the money to buy his uniform and necessary equipage. His old friend, E. A. Collins, Esq., loaned him the money—four hundred dollars. He had failed in everything he had taken hold of, but his military record shows that he had found his *forte;* also the enemy's fort, and taken it. He reached the highest round of fame ever attained by any human being. The entire world has honored U. S. Grant.

Daniel Webster had no remarkable traits of character in boyhood. He was sent to Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. After remaining awhile he gave up and started

home. A neighbor found him on his way, by the roadside, crying, and asked what was the matter. He said he could never make a scholar; he was always at the foot of his class, and the boys were making fun of him, and he had given up school and was going home. The neighbor told him that he must not do that, but go back to school, and if he would study hard, it would not be long before he would stand at the head of his class. Daniel took the advice and went back. He applied himself to his studies with a determination to win, and it was not long before he changed his position from the foot to the head of the class, and kept there, and silenced those who had ridiculed him for his poor scholarship. When he was graduated at Dartmouth College, he was not assigned to the position he thought belonged to him. After receiving his diploma, he went back of the college building and said to his associates, "This diploma will not make me a great man. If I ever distinguish myself hereafter it will be by my own individual efforts; this sheep-skin will not do it." He tore up his diploma, with the remark that "Dartmouth College will hear from me." And they did hear from him, for they had to call him back to save their charter—the charter of the college that did not appreciate his talents when he was graduated; and they

were compelled to employ him in its defense, and it was by his masterly efforts that it was established on a foundation as lasting as the granite upon which it rests. When he appeared at the trial, the question was asked by the leading men of the bar, "What can that young man say in defense of the college charter?" The odds were against him. A rich and powerful State, with the finest legal talent, was arrayed against a young man, who stood alone, and who was engaged simply because the college was too poor to employ first-class counsel. The young man found something to say, and his masterly eloquence brought tears to the eyes of the presiding judge, as well as many of the spectators. He did have something to say, and he said it well.

Hon. George W. McCrary, once Secretary of War and successor to Judge Dillon of the United States circuit court, started life as a poor lad, and worked on a farm, to help his widowed mother maintain the family. His manly bearing in his youthful days won for him the respect of every one. A straightforward course won for him the place he afterward occupied.

Judge James Grant started low down on the ladder. He walked all the way from South Carolina to Davenport, Iowa, with his entire worldly effects tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, slung on a stick

over his shoulder. He afterward owned the largest law-library in the State of Iowa, and tendered it to Scott county as a free gift. He received more than $150,000 in fees from a single suit. At the age of sixty-eight he retired from the profession, went east, entered a school, and took a complete course in mineralogy, metallurgy, and chemistry, after which he was engaged in mining enterprises, and met with marked success. He owned, and afterward sold, the largest smelt-works in the world, located at Leadville, Colorado. He gave four of his nephews the best opportunities at home and abroad to acquire a first-class education. His whole success may be summed up in three words—work, pluck, push!

United States Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia, was twenty years old when he learned to read. At thirty-three, he was elected to a judgeship, and at thirty-seven became Governor. At sixty-eight he was a United States Senator.

Judge John F. Dillon's early life commenced under very unfavorable circumstances. His father was not blessed with an abundance of worldly goods, and was obliged to labor by the day to support his family. The country was new and sparsely settled. The Indians had just left, and there were no public schools. The only

educational privileges John could avail himself of were from itinerant pedagogues, who came along occasionally to teach for a few weeks at a time. But John had a thirst for knowledge, and he made the most of his opportunities and applied himself with a will that knew no defeat. He studied medicine with a resident physician, and entered upon the practice. His physical powers were unequal to the hardship of riding over trackless prairies and bridgeless streams in all weathers. He afterward "threw his physic to the dogs," and went to reading law. At twenty-five he was a partner in one of the leading law firms in the city. At twenty-seven he was elected district judge, and occupied the position until he was chosen to the Supreme Court of Iowa. This new position he filled until appointed United States circuit judge of the eighth judicial circuit, which he resigned to fill a more prominent position, and at better compensation, having received an appointment as professor in Columbia law school, New York City, and being chosen as advisory counsel of a large railroad corporation. His name had been often mentioned for the supreme bench of the United States, but the fact that Iowa had already one judge on the supreme bench prevented his name being brought forward for the place. Besides performing

most acceptably the duties of a conscientious and upright judge for twenty years, he found time to compile numerous law works, and his publications became standard authorities in all the courts. Here is a model for every young man to study well. No young man has started under greater difficulties than did John F. Dillon. College honors and diplomas were not won by him to make a boast of. He succeeded through his own individual efforts, with none of the advantages that thousands of rich men's sons enjoy. Young men, do not be discouraged; do not give up. If you have the fire within you, stir it up—make it burn bright, clear, and strong. Make it hot. The road is open; the track is clear; drive on. Remember, however, that it is the concentration of all the powers upon a single purpose that wins the race.

Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes worked his way through college and through Andover theological seminary under very unusual difficulties. The day he was graduated at the seminary he went upon the stage with his boots "pinned up," to hide his stockingless feet, and with his vest buttoned up to his chin, that the ladies should not see the defects of his shirt-front. The poverty-stricken young man was not ashamed to do his best, and to do his duty, with such ap-

parel as he owned. Such young men make their mark, and he made his. He became a distinguished divine, and was settled at Hartford, Connecticut, for many years. He wrote and published numerous works, among them his "Lectures to Young Men," which had a very extended sale. Had he been filled with that exquisite fastidiousness that makes some young men, and perhaps young ladies, so very finical that all their thoughts and anxieties are on "etiquette," and how to be fashionable, he would, like them, have accomplished nothing.

A. Kimball, Esq., general superintendent of one of the best railroads in the west, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, was a New Hampshire boy, who commenced railroading as a fireman, and often worked the brakes. By his faithful devotion to the interests of his employers in whatever position he attempted to fill, he developed capacity to fill a higher station. Slowly, steadily he advanced, step by step, until at last he reached the highest round in the gift of any railroad corporation. But where are the young men who started out to seek their fortunes with Mr. Kimball? None have reached a higher position. The majority have not even been heard from. And why not?

Anna Dickinson won her way by per-

sistent and indomitable energy. How many young ladies would like to be honored as she has been in the "lecture field?" Yet how many would get down on their knees in a public street and scrub a sidewalk, as she did, to earn a quarter that she might hear Wendell Phillips lecture. The same man who hired Phillips to lecture, afterwards engaged Anna Dickinson at four hundred dollars a night.

Archdeacon Kirby says, when he went to the Red river, in 1852, he met a little barefooted boy, and asked him if he didn't want to go to school. He said he did, and went. That little Indian boy was afterward known as James Northway, prime minister of Manitoba.

Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who is at the head of the largest and most extensive steel-rail works in this country, was a poor boy from Scotland. He gave his native town a handsome library building, and tendered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the city of Pittsburg for a free library.

The late William E. Dodge, of New York City, commenced his business career at the lowest round of the ladder, as a clerk, on a salary of fifty dollars a year. He even saved a portion of that, and afterwards commenced business for himself with no other capital than what he had saved yearly

from his salary. His great liberality and munificent gifts to benevolent institutions are household words. He died leaving a large estate. The secret of his success was founded upon the principles laid down in this work; and they are, and always will be, the secret of every successful young man—economy, diligence in business, unswerving integrity.

Young man, do you covet an honored position in the world? Would you have your name spoken of only "in praise?" Then learn the A, B, C's, if you have not done so. It is no game of chance; no lottery. It is the universal law of "endless progression," by which the good positions are reached.

Every noble work is at first impossible.—*Carlyle.*

Nothing is so hard but search will find it out.—*Herrick.*

"The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, said this of his early life: "My father removed from Kentucky to Indiana in my eighth year. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools

—if they might be called schools—but no qualifications were required of teachers, beyond readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a stranger, who understood Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to incite anybody to gain an education. Of course, when I became of age I did not know much. I had not been to school since I was employed at farm-work, which I continued until I was twenty-two."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, THE TAILOR.

Andrew Johnson, the seventeenth President of the United States, was born in North Carolina. His father died when Andrew was four years old. At eleven he was apprenticed to a tailor. He never attended school. His wife was his only teacher. His shop was on "wheels," and moved from place to place. When he had finished all the work he could get in one place, he moved on. The sign on his wagon read, "A. Johnson, Tailor." It is said that this sign is still to be seen on a little shop in Tennessee, where he last located.

HIRAM SIBLEY, THE FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE, OF WESTERN NEW YORK,

when he was fifteen years old, left his father's farm, in Berkshire county, Massa-

chusetts, and began life for himself with nothing but his father's blessing. Before leaving home he exacted a promise from his father not to borrow any of his earnings—a promise readily given, and accompanied by a sarcastic laugh—whereupon young Hiram said he would earn his breakfast before he ate it next morning. As good as his word, he rose at four o'clock and lay in wait for the overseer of a neighboring mill, and got an engagement to go to work immediately, sawing wood at twenty cents a cord. While he was busy with his first job, one of his neighbors, pleased with the boy's industry, engaged him to work for him at the same rate. One cold, snowy day he went into a shoemaker's shop, and asked permission to sharpen his saw, which the shoemaker refused him, because he disliked the noise. The lad said he could do it without making any noise, and he placed a wet leather strap on each side of his saw to deaden the sound. The shoemaker praised his ingenuity. But, said the boy, I can make shoes, too; which he proceeded to do, and so successfully that in a few months he had fifty men in his employ making shoes. Before he was twenty-one years old he had mastered five different trades, and was in business for himself as a manufacturer of carding machines. He did much for American telegraphy, and

was for eighteen years president of the Western Union, building thirteen thousand miles of telegraph line, and increasing the value of the property from two hundred and twenty thousand to forty-eight million dollars. His wealth was reckoned at seven or eight millions, and he stood at the head of the greatest seed business in the world, for which and its connected branches he built a store-house in Chicago, two hundred and eighty feet long by one hundred and eighty-nine feet wide, and nine stories high, costing, with its site, about one million dollars. He owned the largest cultivated farm in the United States, in Ford county, Illinois, containing forty thousand acres, upon which is a town named Sibley, of nine hundred inhabitants of various nationalities, and mostly his employes. Mr. Sibley expended more than a million and a half dollars in charitable and educational works, among other things having founded and endowed the Sibley College of Mechanical Arts of Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, where not less than five hundred and seventy-three young men received an education through his generosity. Mr. Sibley is a grand illustration of what can be accomplished by indomitable energy, perseverance, and honesty.

A PLUCKY BOY.

Some fifty years ago there resided at Louisville, Ky., a gentleman who, after having secured a competence, had the misfortune of seeing it all swept away in a night. His son, a lad of thirteen years, whom we will call James, realizing his father's unfortunate circumstances, was anxious to relieve him of some of his burdens, and sought for work to help support his mother and sister, but could not find anything to do in Louisville. Going down to the steamboat-landing, he found a steamer on the eve of departure for St. Louis. He engaged passage, paying his fare by "working his way." In due time the steamer reached its destination. James walked the "gang-plank," brave as the bravest—without a tremor—hatless, shoeless, penniless, friendless—a stranger in a strange city. His forlorn condition could not fail to attract the attention of the "lookers-on," and if they did not express it audibly, they no doubt thought that "there comes another candidate for the poor-house or the State's prison." But appearances are often misleading. There was no poor blood in James's veins. A braver heart never beat inside of a boy's breast. If a lad ever had the "blues," certainly this lonely situation was enough to bring them on. However,

instead of sitting down on the pier to weep and bewail his unhappy lot, waiting for something to turn up, he was up and off hunting an honest job. What he wanted was to earn his bread; no charity for him. He was bristling all over with alertness for something to do; ready to take hold of the first thing that presented itself. There was no one to intercede in his behalf. He was without a "character." His record still lay in the future, and would be what he made it. Situations were not easy to find for a boy in James's plight. The only opening he could find was at peddling apples, but the difficulty was to get credit for a basketful to start with. A good, honest countenance secured the apples. No doubt he felt proud of his success. His whole soul was in his business. He honored his calling by his "square dealing." There were no "tricks in trade" with him, palming off wormy apples for good ones. His gentlemanly ways won for him friends wherever he went. People would buy their apples of the "poor boy" to help him along. But the "apple boy" had too much talent for the business; the apple trade was not large enough to absorb it all; it would crop out. Business men are not slow to recognize talent. First-class talent is always in demand; never below par. A large mercantile house had their eye on the "apple-boy."

They had been watching his way of doing business. Young men who aspire to good situations often fail to get them because somebody has been watching them to find out their habits. But our young hero stood the test. A good situation was offered him, which he gladly accepted. The firm saw he was fond of books, and they secured for him the use of a good library. Works upon mechanics and engineering were his favorites. He had a passion for machinery—to see it in motion. He was not afraid to ask the "whys and the wherefores" of this and that wheel and that gear. Engineers found in him an apt scholar, anxious to learn, and they were equally pleased to explain every part of an engine to his entire satisfaction. In due time James was given a clerkship on a steamboat. Here was a grand opportunity to learn all about the machinery of the boat, and study navigation at the same time. He never was idle. When "off duty," he was learning the river—its channel, its sandbars, the cross-currents, and all the hindrances to free navigation from St. Louis to the Gulf. The oldest pilots at the "wheel" were not better posted in steamboating on the Mississippi. James's next step was "boat building." This led to a more important line of business. There were no adequate means of saving a boat

or its cargo, and if any accident befell it, it went to the bottom of the river. James saw here an undertaking of no small magnitude. He organized a "wrecking company." Boats were frequently wrecked by running on to "snags," or were swamped or stranded on some newly-formed sand-bar, and boat and cargo were then at the mercy of the elements and the river "pirates." Millions of dollars worth of property was in peril every moment it remained afloat. The wrecking business grew to be one of great magnitude, and was reduced to a perfect system. A telegram was all that was necessary to have a "wrecking-boat," with all its appliances—crew, divers, and all—ready to "set sail" at once for the scene of disaster. It required a great outlay of capital, but it paid the company, the shippers, and the underwriters.

GUN-BOATS.

During the war the government wanted a fleet of gun-boats on the Mississippi river, in the quickest time possible. James was the lowest bidder, and secured the contract. Although the timber was to be cut from the woods, the coal and iron ore to be dug out of the mountains, yet, in the almost incredibly short space of sixty-five days from the

day of signing the contract, the gun-boats were ready for service.

THE GREAT UNDERTAKING.

New Orleans merchants were asking Congress to make the Mississippi river navigable so that the largest ocean steamers might enter their port—to deepen the channel at the mouth of the river. It met with great opposition, for various reasons. The cost, in the first place, was very great; then there was the uncertainty of keeping the channel open even if all the obstructions were removed. Some were bitterly opposed to spending the public money on western rivers, simply to give unscrupulous contractors something to do—a fat job. But our hero was ready for the occasion. He submitted his plans to Congress. It would cost three million dollars to make a channel deep enough to float ships drawing twenty-eight feet of water. The opposition was great, but our hero was greater than the opposition. He would take the contract at his figures, and wait for his pay until finished and accepted by Congress. They were very willing to enter into such a contract, as the risk was all on one side—on the contractor. The work was done; the contractor got his money. The jetty system is a success, piling up the mighty

floods in heaps so that the great ships of all nations can come and go at pleasure.

THE ST. LOUIS BRIDGE.

The people of St. Louis wanted a bridge across the Mississippi river to the Illinois shore. Our hero, James, drafted a plan for a bridge. The old engineers who examined it, condemned it as being utterly impracticable. In spite of the opinions of these "wiseacres," the bridge was built according to the plan. It was one of the greatest undertakings ever attempted on this continent. Down through the quicksands, steamboat wrecks, and snags, one caisson was sunk one hundred and twenty feet before reaching the bed rock—one of the most formidable and perilous undertakings imaginable. Deadly gases filled the shaft, requiring fresh air to be pumped into it constantly, so that the work could go on; and the workmen could not remain in the shaft but a short time before they had to be hoisted up to the fresh air above ground. Even with the utmost precaution, some were overcome, and died from the inhalation of the poisonous gases. Day and night, for months, without cessation, the work went on, until the bridge was completed. It cost ten millions of dollars. It is a grand highway of the nation, and it will remain so for centuries to come—a

monument of American talent, American genius; one which every true American can feel proud to look upon—a most magnificent piece of engineering skill. Well may St. Louis people "brag" over their bridge, and of James, the "apple-boy," by whose creative genius it spans the river ninety feet above the floods—the boy whom poverty compelled to leave his father's house and to seek his fortune among strangers. It is a splendid monument to that "apple-boy," whose name is better known to the people of St. Louis as Hon. James B. Eads.

We have told his story for the special purpose of showing what one man has accomplished for himself and for the good of the public and the world—a man who started as low down as any one who reads this paragraph. It is a lesson that every young man may study to his profit.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.—*Burke.*

WHAT BRINGS HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS VERSUS GOLD.

Riches, for the most part, are hurtful to those that possess them.—*Plutarch.*

A mask of gold hides all deformities.—*Decker.*

Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches.—*Emerson.*

Perhaps there never was a greater mistake made, and one that will never be corrected in this world, than in supposing that wealth necessarily brings happiness; that plenty of gold is all a man needs to enable him to enjoy unalloyed happiness to the end of his days. A greater mistake is not possible. The abundant testimony of those who possess vast wealth ought to be conclusive of the fact.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars:

"'Mr. Ridgway,' said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, 'you are more to be envied than any other gentleman I know.'

"'Why so?' responded Mr. Ridgway. 'I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied.'

"'What, sir!' exclaimed the young man in astonishment; 'why, you are a million-

aire. Think of the thousands your income brings you every month.'

"'Well, what of that?' replied Mr. Ridgway; 'all I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I cannot eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can you not do as much?'

"'Ah! but,' said the youth, 'think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring to you.'

"'What better am I off for that?' replied the rich man. 'I can live in only one house at a time. As for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it. I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I.'

"'But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures, fine carriages and horses; in fact, anything you desire.'

"'And after I have bought them,' responded Mr. Ridgway, 'what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man, who is not blind, can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, and you are without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen, and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my

wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot procure me power to keep afar from the hour of death; and then what will it avail, when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all, forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me.' "

A few months ago a millionaire died, and the first question asked was, "How much money did he leave?" The answer was, "He left all." "Burial-robes have no pockets."

ONE WEALTHY LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Hooper writes of a lady residing in Paris, describing her under a disguised name, but none other than Mrs. John Mackay, the wife of a California millionaire. She gives numerous instances of how Mrs. Mackay was annoyed as soon as her great wealth and her residence were known in that city. She received a great many letters and numerous calls from professional beggars and impostors. We quote a few of the most amusing and barefaced impositions attempted: A penniless Spaniard wanted to return to his home in Cuba, and begged for one thousand dollars to buy an outfit for himself. A Frenchman wrote that he was in desperate need of ten thousand dollars, and if he didn't get it immediately he would drown himself in the

Seine, or jump off the Arc de Triomphe. A woman must have five thousand dollars or she would be driven to a life of shame. An English woman asked for only one hundred thousand dollars to redeem an estate in England, so that she and her brother could live in affluence the remainder of their days. A lover had given his betrothed sixty thousand dollars worth of jewelry, and the bill had become due, and he wanted to borrow that amount for a short time. Mrs. Mackay was equal to the occasion, and advised the lover to go to his lady-love and explain the situation of his finances. He departed promptly. A pretended South American consul represented that he was commissioned by a friend, who was worth eight million dollars, to select a lady for a wife, and he understood that Mrs. Mackay had an unmarried sister and he would condescend to recommend her to become the countess of his rich friend. An American lady was in deep distress; all her furniture had been seized and her children were starving, and she was fainting for the want of food. Mrs. Mackay gave her quite a large sum, and while out for a drive the next day, she met the lady riding in great style, with a new bonnet, six-button gloves, etc. At first the tales of woe affected Mrs. Mackay so that she often cried herself to sleep, and in her

dreams she would see these unfortunates drowning, or jumping off from some dizzy height, to be dashed to atoms. She soon learned that nearly every applicant was a professional impostor.

Rich people have more trials and annoyances, and often suffer more, than a man who labors for his daily bread. Wealth does not secure unalloyed happiness. It is the cause of much unhappiness. It is said that there are as many disadvantages on the side of wealth as there are on the side of poverty.

"POOR RICHARD'S" ADVICE.

"There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easier. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be for you to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, young and in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants, and if you are wise you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and, if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the gen-

eral happiness of society." — Benjamin Franklin.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.

—*Thomas Hood.*

If all were rich, gold would be penniless.—*Bailey.*

INDULGENCE OF APPETITE.

RUINED BY WHISKY.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

—*Longfellow.*

Drunkenness is nothing else but a voluntary madness.—*Seneca.*

There is scarcely a crime before me that is not, directly or indirectly, caused by strong drink.—*Judge Coleridge.*

The evils of drunkenness cannot be painted any blacker than they are.—*Colonel Higginson.*

"The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women, ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame, and hardship than any other evil. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds—of thousands of women who are widows to-day and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they hold dear love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to cherish. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at

the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has taken to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statements in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached, at least in this world. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children; the poverty, and not infrequently the beggary, the fear, and the fact of violence; the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine and unite to oppose it everywhere, as the worst enemy of their sex."

About twenty-five years ago a young man with a good common-school education left his Vermont home and went to Davenport. He learned a good trade, and was steady and economical in his habits. His father sent him a few thousand dollars to become a member of a firm—to be

a business man. He laid aside his poor apparel and dressed in first-class style. Unacquainted with the office work, and not having a faculty for soliciting outside business, there was little for him to do but stand as a figure-head. Too proud to go to work in the department he did understand, he became "a gentleman at large." The business was a failure. The war broke out; he obtained a clerkship in the quartermaster's department. The sanitary commission of St. Louis, Missouri, wanted funds to carry on their work. A lottery was resorted to in order to raise the funds. He bought a ticket. It drew for him five thousand dollars cash. His father died, and more money came to him from the estate. He married, and shortly after the wedding he invited a friend who also had just married to spend an evening with him. He brought out the wedding-cake and a bottle of wine. They enjoyed themselves alone, eating and drinking. The hour to separate arrived, when the guest said, "George, now we cannot afford this." It did not please him. He was angry, and replied, "I can drink or let it alone, as I please." It was their last meeting as friends. The war closed, and other business was obtained. Friends became his bondsmen. They had to make up deficiencies, and he was soon out of business. The

habit of drink was now his master. His business and friends vanished, yet he still continued to drink. The last time we saw him was early one morning, and he was entering the rear of one of the lowest groggeries on Front street, a place we would have been afraid to enter at the front door, even at noon-time. When all was gone—money, reputation, credit, and the last friend—he, in hopeless despair of reclamation, leaped into the unknown future. Retiring to a solitary place, he sat down, and placing a revolver to his temple, the bullet entered his brain, and his soul sped on its journey. Twenty-five thousand dollars in money and his wife, friends, reputation—all went to satisfy the demon of drink. He died in the very prime of manhood. This was a young man who could "drink or let it alone."

Even in the light of this terrible example there were young men who saw the beginning and the end of this sad wreck, yet followed the same track, step by step, and are now also lying in the same cemetery. There are "more to follow." The spider's web that a breath would sunder, has been, and is, weaving a net—a cord, that will become like a giant chain and will hold them like a vise to the last.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—*Horace Mann.*

We stood upon one of the bluffs that line the shore of the "Father of Waters," one beautiful June day, just before the sun had dropped behind the western horizon, and watched one of those grand floating palaces gliding down stream, freighted with human life. The passengers were happy in the enjoyment of a voyage wherein all was delightful, and indulged anticipations of its happy termination, and of the glad welcome awaiting them from loving friends, far away. But hark! a fearful crash is heard. Screams of alarm and terror break the stillness of that quiet hour! We look for the floating palace; it is sinking, and passengers are leaping overboard, or climbing to the upper deck. The river is strewn with broken planks and freight. The pilot has missed his course just a little, and discovered it too late, and the boat has struck a pier, cutting a broad slice off from stem to stern, carrying with it one of her wheels and breaking all connection with the steering apparatus. The boat is left to the mercy of the current, which is rapidly sweeping her down stream, and she is swiftly sinking. In less than five minutes the magnificent palace has gone to pieces and rests on the bed of the river. At the stern, a man, a criminal in the hands of the law, and on the way to prison, has been chained. While the passengers are

fleeing for safety to the upper deck he is fast. The waters gather about his feet as the boat is sinking. He cannot break the chain; the iron bolt will not give way. He struggles in his terror; in his desperation he pulls hard to break away from his fastenings. The chain he cannot break. He cries for help, "Oh, save me! help! help!" There are none to help; no one could help. In his agony, in his despair, crying for help, the waters close over his head and he goes to the bottom, chained fast. How terrible are the final consequences of the slightest departure from the pathway of virtue. How easily could the first step toward the final catastrophe have been avoided. The demon of drink weaves a web around the feet of its devotees so quietly and silently, that the poor victim knows it not until he arrives at the verge of the awful abyss which yawns to receive him. In his horror he awakes for a moment to behold the terrible fate that is looking him squarely, sternly in the face, and in his desperation he makes one mighty struggle to break the bonds—the iron bonds—that have bound him, but the struggle is in vain. Once a prattling child, a bright-eyed boy, who so often had nestled on a fond mother's lap; into whose bright face that mother had so often looked, while she cherished the hope that he would lead her

gently down the declining years of her life, as she was leading him so lovingly, so gently, up to his years of strength—to manhood—to fill an honored place in the ranks of the good and true. How terrible the revelation! Swept away forever! And she mourns over the grave of her fond hopes, buried beyond recovery, and darkness gathers around her lonely door. Vainly she listens for the footsteps that come not—looking for and welcoming the grim messenger that will bear her to a gentle resting-place, where unwelcome scenes and disappointed hopes will be forgotten.

Young man, where do you stand? Are your feet in the meshes of the web of intemperance?

A young man was found drowned in the Mersey river, England. On a paper in his pocket was written, "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me. Drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers, all over England, asking for a description of that young man. Each of those two hundred homes had been made sad by the intelligence of one young man's untimely death, and the apprehension that he might be the son missing from that home. Two hundred homes in mourning over an absent son,

and hearts made to bleed afresh because no tidings of their missing son came back to them. That demon that lurks in the whisky-bottle mantles millions of homes in the deepest gloom.

"WANTED—A BOY TO ATTEND BAR."

We have often seen in the newspapers notices similar to this, and one of the requirements often added thereto was, that the applicant must not use liquor. Sober men, yes, temperance men, or boys, only, are wanted to deal out the soul-destroying poison. Here is a temperance lecture from the drunkard-makers themselves. Why is it that saloon-keepers and liquor-sellers desire total-abstinence-men as their employes? If liquor is of any benefit to men in other employments, why is it not beneficial to him who deals it out? The seller of liquor knows full well the value of temperance, when practiced by those he employs and trusts; and also the curse it brings upon those who are addicted to its use.

Mr. Lill, the well-known Chicago brewer, who was burned out at the time of the great fire, was afterwards asked if he intended to rebuild. He replied, "No; I have seen all I care to see of the business." "But what will the people do for want of Lill's ale?" they asked. His answer was, "Go without it; it will be better for them."

Jay Gould, the greatest railroad magnate in the world, never used liquors of any kind, or tobacco in any form. The man who could so manipulate financial affairs as to make three million dollars at one grand stroke, kept his head clear from the fumes and fogs of liquor and tobacco.

General Grant, at a banquet given in his honor in Chicago, turned his glass bottom side up, and kept it so. He did not use liquors. He told the professors at Girard College, in Philadelphia, not to let the students of that institution use tobacco in any form. Yet General Grant was an inveterate smoker. If it is good for a man to smoke tobacco, why does he give advice against its use?

The Commander of the Annapolis Naval School advises his students not to use tobacco in any form, and says, "No gentleman will be seen smoking on the street."

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, director of the Harvard gymnasium, says that of the large number of students he has examined, at least one-half suffer to a considerable, and in many cases to an alarming extent, from palpitation and other affections of the heart, caused by excessive cigarette smoking, and by drinking strong coffee.

P. T. Barnum, the "greatest showman on earth," was congratulated by a friend as being "just as hale and hearty as he was

ten years before." Mr. Barnum replied, "I ought not to be, my dear sir. I am an old man. I'm seventy, though you'd hardly believe it. But I gave up rum and tobacco years ago. I haven't smoked a cigar for eighteen years, nor have I tasted a drop of liquor for many more years. That has kept me young and hearty."

TEMPERANCE.

One of the best and strongest arguments against the use of liquors or stimulants of any kind, is the fact that trainers of prize-fighters, teachers of the science of mauling with the fists, in order to bring out full muscular development and power of endurance, require their students to abstain from the use of liquors or stimulants of any kind. Even coffee and tobacco are forbidden, but occasionally a cup of weak black tea is allowed. The trainers of young men for rowing matches impose the same restrictions upon their pupils. If liquor is good for the system, if it gives strength and powers of endurance, why do these professors of the "manly art" forbid its use?

Dr. Mark Hopkins tells of a mother who sent four sons into the world to do for themselves, taking from each of them, as he went, a pledge not to use intoxicating drinks, profane language, or tobacco before he was twenty-one years of age. At

sixty-five to seventy-five years of age, only one of them had had a sick day, all were honored men, and not one of them was worth less than a million dollars.

TOBACCO AS VILE AS WHISKY.

Whisky-drinking is a terrible evil—a curse—and the use of tobacco is but one step behind, on the road to ruin. A young man commences with the cigar. Smoking creates thirst; but he is a fashionable young man—"no vile whisky for him; wine is the only thing fit to drink." Yes, but we can right here tell a sad tale of a young man (now dead), who went from a glass of wine down—down to the lowest den, to quench his burning thirst with "forty-rod" whisky. It was the first glass of wine that made him a drunkard. It is the first glass of liquor that makes any man a drunkard. Cigars and wine generally keep close company.

A young man of Queens county, New York, the only heir of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was left him by his father, was declared incompetent and of unsound mind—a mental weakness attributed to the excessive use of tobacco.

"TOBACCO DOES NOT HURT ME."

"Within half a century," said Dr. Dio Lewis, "no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of

his class in Harvard College, though five out of six of the students have used it. The chances, you see, were five in six that a smoker would graduate at the head of his class if tobacco did no harm. But during half a century not one victim of tobacco was able to come out ahead."

DELMONICOS,

the famous restaurateurs, of New York City, and a brother in Paris, are said to have died of nicotine poisoning, arising from excessive indulgence in smoking. One died of "smoker's cancer."

Senator Hill, of Georgia, died of cancer of the tongue, caused by cigar-smoking.

To us, the breath of a man who uses liquor is not worse than that of the man who is constantly breathing out the vile, sickening, nauseating, and deadly emanations of the fumes of some cigar or villainous old pipe, and whose person presents a disgusting appearance. We pity the wife of a drunkard, and none the less the wife of an inveterate tobacco-user. There are ladies in many cities, at whose homes no tobacco-user can find a welcome.

We are glad to know that no minister who uses tobacco in any form, can now enter the Methodist pulpit in Iowa. Tobacco-users are precisely on the same ground that whisky-drinkers occupy.

Each acknowledges fully the use to be a bad habit, and injurious, and wishes that he could leave off, and would if he could. When you ask a man to leave off using tobacco, and he replies that he can't, tell him it is because he will not—that is all.

I will be a slave to no habit; therefore farewell tobacco.—*Hosea Ballou.*

How can temperance reformers expect to reform the drunkards when the habit of using tobacco has coiled around them a chain so tight and strong that they are powerless to sunder it? Then tobacco is the greater tyrant—the greater evil. "Oh, I shall die if I leave off." Die then, we say, the sooner the better, though we cannot find in the Bible any place for them in heaven, for "no drunkards" can enter, nor anything "that is filthy." If that does not mean tobacco-users, we cannot read correctly. "Oh, my doctor says I ought to use it." Yes, doctors give prussic acid and other deadly poisons. Doctors use it! Yes, they use whisky, too. Some doctors have neither sense nor reason. We know one who claims he has "cut up people by the score, and never found a soul, and didn't believe there was any." Yet some of the medical talent say that "tobacco kills as many people as whisky." We believe they

are alike terrible curses to our land, and the causes of a very large proportion of the woes human flesh is heir to.

We recently visited that great, noble institution, Cooper Institute, New York City, where hundreds of young men and women are enjoying its liberal advantages. Its varied scientific courses, the weekly lectures, and its great library, are all free. The annual cost to Mr. Cooper was fifty-six thousand dollars. Yet with all his liberality he was, in one particular, a perfect despot, a tyrant. He hated tobacco. At every turn is a notice which reads, "The use of tobacco in this building, in any form, is strictly forbidden."

We also visited the art museum in Central Park, where it would require weeks to examine all the rare curiosities, the relics of past ages, and the magnificent paintings. The building and the arrangement for displaying everything to the best advantage, seemed to us a model of perfection, only marred by scores of notices that stared out at every turn. These were notices to tobacco-squirters that if caught spitting upon the floor the police would at once arrest them and walk them out of the museum. The police were there watching for the man who dared to "spit on the floor."

We are glad to see that railroad companies, too, are everywhere becoming dis-

gusted with tobacco-users, and are posting prohibitory notices.

Of tobacco-users, J. B. T. Marsh, in the *Sunday-School Times*, says: "I don't believe, other things being equal, there is any other class of men who show such a disregard in public for other people's comfort as tobacco-users do. I don't mean the chewers who spit in country churches and leave their filthy puddles on car floors. They're hogs. A man would be considered a rowdy or a boor who should wilfully spatter mud on the clothing of a lady as she passed him on the sidewalk; but a lady to whom tobacco fumes are more offensive than mud, can hardly walk the streets in these days without men, who call themselves gentlemen—and who are gentlemen in most other respects—blowing their cigar-smoke into her face at almost every step. Smokers drive non-smokers out of the gentlemen's cabins on the ferry-boats, and gentlemen's waiting-rooms in railway stations, monopolizing these public rooms as coolly as if they only had any rights in them. I can't explain such phenomena, except on the theory that tobacco befogs the moral sense and makes men specially selfish."

A party of a dozen Yale boys decoyed that eccentric individual styling himself "General Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler," to a small dormitory room, and

mounted him on a chair for a speech; then they each took out a pipe, and in a few moments the dusky room seemed like a chimney of Tartarus. At last the General sneezed, checked his eloquence abruptly, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, your speaker isn't a ham."

Some young men, seeking for a position, seem to think it a mark of dignity to enter an office puffing a freshly-lighted cigar. Bear in mind this, that possibly the gentleman you may wish to see may not be a smoker or a ham.

CIGAR-STUBS AND OPIUM.

THE DELECTABLE INGREDIENTS OF THE MODERN CIGARETTE—A GROWING VICE.

"I ran across a cigarette-factory the other day. Whew! I wouldn't write—or rather, wouldn't dare print—what I saw. Dirty butts of cigars, reeking with the filth of the muddy streets, are the cleanest and nicest of the material used in constructing these precious roads to ruin. I came down town on a Madison avenue car this evening, and on the tail end there were three little chaps, the oldest about fourteen. Each smoked a cigarette and was spitting his little life away. I ventured to ask if they enjoyed the odor. They said they did. And the taste? Certainly. On inquiring, I found they had a well-known brand of cigarette, noted for its "opium soak" and its terrible smell when burning. Poor little creatures! They can't last long. They were pale and sickly, puny and offensive. What kind of men will they make? Men? They're men already, in their own eyes. They and a majority of our little lads are full of the slang of the day, up in all the catches and abundantly able to hold up their end of a conversation. I subsequently saw these three boys in Niblo's

Garden. It would have done you good to hear them talk. A blind man might reasonably think he was listening to three old men. Nothing was new. They had seen it all before, and better done at that. Down went the curtain, out went the boys, but before they felt the first breath of the fresh air from the street, each puny hand held a cigarette to the vile-smelling mouth, and puff! puff! they sickened everybody in their vicinity. This is an old grievance of mine, and I don't care to bore you with it, but I feel it keenly.

"Day by day, vice grows stronger. There was a time when cigarette-smoking was confined almost entirely to Cubans, who knew what good tobacco was and made their own cigarettes. Gradually the habit spread. Dealers followed suit. Makers became unscrupulous. Little dirty boys were sent out to pick up cigar-stumps. Other equally disgusting material was also utilized. Opium was made to do duty. Cheap paper took the place of rice paper. I wish these boys could see the stuff their paper is made from! Wouldn't it turn their little stomachs? I trow, I trow. The cheap paper, the old stumps, the opium, and the chemicals used to make them 'strong,' deserve to be shown up. Parents have no influence with their sons. Why not? Because they smoke cigars or pipes them-

selves. The boys charge all the good advice they get to their father's desire to keep them down. There is but one way to deal with American boys. Reason with them through their own eyes. If every nicotined stomach was made public, if every time a fellow died of too much cigarette, the fact was made known, if the proud boys could be shown a rag-factory and stump-grindery, it seems to me the cigarette business would be wound up very soon." — Howard, in the Philadelphia *Times.*

We heard a young lad of ten or twelve years tell his "chum" that, "I smoke cigarettes for catarrh." That cigarettes are capital for catarrh, we have the best medical authority. Read the following:

SMOKER'S CATARRH.

The British *Medical Journal* asserts that the local effect of tobacco on the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, and ears is as predisposing to catarrhal diseases as is inefficient and insufficient clothing in the case of women—the fact being that such effect on the mucous membrane of the superior portion of the respiratory tract, causes a more permanent relaxation and congestion than any other known agent. Therefore, as tobacco depresses the system

while it is producing its pleasurable sensation, and as it prepares the mucous membrane to take on catarrhal inflammation from even slight exposure to cold, the *Journal* thinks it should require no further evidence to show that its use ought to be discontinued by every catarrhal patient.

WHISKY VS. HOME.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

The night was cold and exceedingly unpleasant. The wind was blowing furiously from the cold regions of the north. It capered with the light snow, sweeping the ground clean of its white mantle in places, to pile it up in huge drifts somewhere else. The hail-like flakes were whirled against the exposed window-panes, and rattled on the glass like pebble-stones. The doors and window-sashes shook, the shutters trembled and clattered, while the great elms in the yard moaned and sighed as they were swayed back and forth by the blast.

Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton had just retired from the tea-table to their cosy library, which was also the doctor's home office. A cheerful fire was burning briskly in the open grate—a most welcome and enjoyable sight, as well as a real comfort, on that cold winter night.

Dr. Hamilton had looked over his diary of patients, and had come to the conclusion that they were all doing remarkably well—as well as could be expected—and that none of them would be likely to be any the worse in case he should omit a visit. The

fierce and uninviting condition of the elements without, and the attractive allurements within, may have prompted the doctor in reviewing the hopeful condition of his patients on this particular occasion.

Mrs. Hamilton drew her rocker a little closer to the grate, remarking as she did so, "It does seem almost impossible to get warm."

Dr. Hamilton took the *Evening Journal* from the table to read the news to his wife. Glancing over the local column he noticed at the head, in large, black-faced letters, the words, "FOUND DEAD." We suppose doctors are not specially anxious to read obituary notices. However, their profession very naturally prompts them to notice mortuary records. Their personal interest, no doubt, depends in a large degree on whose patient is dead. The name of a well-known man at the beginning of the notice attracted his attention, and he read:

"Some of our readers will not be surprised to learn that old Joe Noxx is dead. Night-watchman Purcell, on making his rounds before light, stumbled over the prostrate form of a man lying on his face in the gutter, near the junction of Broadway and Commercial alley. The officer attempted to arouse the man, supposing him to be asleep, when, to his horror, he discovered that the man was dead—frozen

stiff. Turning him over, he recognized the familiar countenance of old Joe Noxx. The coroner was notified as soon as possible, and the body was removed to Noxx's home —if it could be called such. It was in a hovel in what is known as 'Murderer's alley.' For the benefit of those who do not know the origin of this expressive appellation to the alley, we will say that prior to the erection of the great union freight depot, the alley was known as 'Commercial alley,' and a large jobbing business was done there. It was considered the most desirable location in the city for wholesale trade. But when the great warehouses near the union depot were ready for occupancy all the firms left the alley. The buildings were old and destitute of modern conveniences for doing business; consequently they were worthless for jobbing, and too isolated for retail business.

"They were tenantless for several years, and it would have been to the credit of our city if they had remained empty or had been destroyed. We think the owners made a grave mistake when they allowed them to be occupied as tenements and lodging apartments. The alley has become a burning disgrace to our city. It has been known to the police for a long time as the rendezvous and harbor of the most desperate class of criminals that infest our city

—all the thieves, burglars, highwaymen, confidence men, gamblers, rag-pickers, organ-grinders, and professional beggars, and no one knows the number of unhung murderers who are there screened from justice. Not unfrequently has the body of a dead man been found in that alley by a night-watchman. No arrests have ever been made, it being impossible to fasten suspicion on any one. The victims have been invariably strangers, supposed to have been decoyed into that miserable place, robbed, murdered, and their bodies dragged out from some one of the numerous dens into the alley, to be found by one of the guardians of the night. The principal reason no arrests have been made is, there has been no one to enter complaint. The victims could not, for 'dead men tell no tales.'

"The inhabitants there are on the best of terms; never tell 'tales about their neighbors.' None of them would dare to 'peep,' even if they were disposed to. It is not a safe place for an honest man to visit in open day, and is still more dangerous at night. Any one known to have five dollars in his pocket, going there in broad daylight, would be very liable to be enticed into some vile den, and sent to the spirit-land by the 'Kansas Bender' route. The name is expressive, 'Murderer's alley,' and it will

cling to that alley until a fire or an earthquake annihilates its inhabitants. In this alley Joe Noxx lived, when death cut short the career of that most remarkable character. It appears that at about midnight he was turned out of a saloon while intoxicated, and in trying to find his way home, fell into the gutter and perished from exposure. The verdict of the coroner's jury was in accordance with the facts above given.

"Fifteen years ago there was not a more promising young man in the State. Joseph Howard Noxx was the rising man of his profession. His abilities as a lawyer, and especially as an advocate before a jury, were unsurpassed by any member of the Suffolk bar. We question whether Webster or Choate, at his age, had a more promising future before them than that upon which Mr. Noxx was about entering. His forensic ability was marvelous. As a platform speaker he was specially gifted. His persuasive eloquence before a jury or the court was powerful and convincing. When it was announced that Joe Noxx was to speak, no hall or court-room was large enough to hold the crowds that flocked to hear him.

"Under the magic of his oratory his audiences were moulded to his will—one moment convulsed with laughter, and the

next melted to tears. He was a natural orator, with a wonderful command of language, and a thorough knowledge of human nature, which enabled him to use it most effectively. Lured by the temptation which is most enticing to the gifted, the generous, and the ambitious, he was caught in that snare which has taken so many brilliant ones—whose meshes the great and mighty ones of earth have been powerless to break.

"But to the funeral. A motley crowd had already assembled in the alley in front of the hovel wherein the dead man was lying in his coffin. It took but a glance to tell where they belonged. A worse specimen of depraved and fallen humanity we never have seen in our travels. The occupants of that notorious locality, Murderer's alley, must have marshaled their entire force. Had a delegation been sent from State prison, of its most hardened and notorious criminals, it could not have surpassed this company in all that is vile and forbidding. Depravity and degradation were stamped upon their features. Their faces bore unmistakable evidence of their true character, written in a language so plain that no one could fail of reading it. Big, burly-headed men, coarse-featured women, whose faces revealed the fiery passions that ruled all their actions, and the

motives that prompted them. The deep scars, the swollen faces, the eyes bleared and blood-shot, the bandaged heads, and the bruised features, testified of the fierce brawls and the bloody encounters in which they had been engaged. It was a restless, turbulent crowd, 'spoiling for a fight.'

"They acted as if they had come to see a dog-fight, or a rat-killing exhibition, rather than quietly, silently, to stand in the solemn presence of death. They amused themselves in low, vulgar jesting, and cracking vile jokes. We were permitted to enter the dead man's late abode in advance of this impatient and boisterous multitude.

"The building seemed to have been originally a stable. It had but a single apartment, one door, and a window. The interior was unfinished and unfurnished. The only furniture was a dilapidated cook-stove 'braced up' with bricks. The only semblance of a bed was a pallet of filthy straw. A few rags beside it, looking like remnants of a worn-out horse-blanket, may have been the only covering there was for the sleeper. A few old paper flour-sacks partially filled with rags from the street, and a quantity of 'scrap iron,' completed the sum total of the visible effects of the dead man. In a remote corner of the room a lad of some ten or eleven years was standing,

with his face to the wall, weeping. The coffin was that of a pauper—of the plainest kind—simply a pine box painted black, without trimmings, and was supported above the filth of the floor by blocks of wood. The body lay in the coffin in precisely the same manner in which it had been taken from the gutter, with the dirt in which he had died still clinging to his matted hair and poverty-stricken apparel. The eyelids were rolled back, and the sightless eye-balls were fixed in a last ghastly stare, exceedingly unpleasant to behold. The sight to James (the son) was terrible. Those glaring eye-balls gave him such a shock that he could not get over it nor banish the dreadful sight from his mind. They haunted him continually. No doubt they will haunt him for a long time and trouble him in his dreams. James was the only mourner. Neither a friend nor an acquaintance was there to pay a last tribute of respect to the dead, or to sympathize with the lonely orphan. There were no services; not a word was spoken appropriate to a funeral. The undertaker had no tears to shed. They are not accustomed or expected to weep at funerals.

"As soon as the door was opened to allow those who wished to see the corpse, there was a general stampede from all quarters and a general struggle to be first

to enter. Two policemen were stationed at the door to keep order, but their efforts were unavailing. They could not hold back the mob-like crowd. Hats were 'knocked in' and 'knocked off' very promiscuously, heads were pummeled, noses smashed, and blood flowed freely. It is 'our funeral' and the 'cops' can go. Around the open coffin whisky was drunk to the peace of the soul of the departed. It was more than an hour before the undertaker was allowed to fasten down the coffin-lid. Two stout fellows volunteered to carry the coffin to the dray, which was the hearse for this occasion. The proprietor of that vehicle seated himself astride the coffin, refilled his pipe, and smoked with apparent satisfaction in having secured the job. When all was ready he gave his mule a sharp cut with his whip, and cried out, 'Get up.' 'Hold on; wait for the mourners!' The driver brought his mule to a stop, and looked back for the mourners. The crowd laughed and jeered at the joke they had played on him. The driver took it good-naturedly, for he did not dare to show his displeasure to the reckless gang that ruled in Murderer's alley. James was at the door; his eyes were red and swollen by the flood of scalding tears which he could not repress. The driver, noticing him, said, 'Come along, sonny, if you're any 'lation to the old fel-

low inside this box, and see him dacently buried.' James accepted the invitation, only too glad to go somewhere, rather than to remain there with those hardened wretches. The moment he started toward the dray it was a signal for those fiends of darkness to commence abusing him. They tantalized him in every conceivable way. They made sport of his tears, joked him on a 'first-class funeral,' 'the new-styled hearse,' 'why he did not dress up like a first-class mourner,' 'put on his black kids and little crape on his beaver,' 'the old man is dead, hush up now.' James sat down on the coffin behind the driver. He was thinly clad for a long, cold ride. When the dray began to move they set up their howling, groaning, and screeching, and kept it up until it was out of sight. It was a pauper's funeral, and the mule-driver hurried the animal along over the pavements at a rattling gait.

" 'There's a grim one-horse hearse on a jolly round trot,
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the mad driver sings:
'Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.' "

"Arriving at the potter's field, the coffin was slid off the dray and dropped without ceremony into the grave. James stopped

to see the sexton fill the grave. The doleful sound that came up from the coffin, as the frozen clods were thrown upon it, made him shudder and tremble with a nervous fear, and he turned away. The sexton drove a stake for a head-board, and gave James a card with the number of his father's grave. So ended the sad, sad funeral of Joseph Howard Noxx.

"How different would have been the scene had Mr. Noxx died when he had reached the zenith of his glory. Business would have been suspended, the court would have adjourned, resolutions of condolence would have been sent to the family, eulogies would have been spoken and spread upon the court records, emblems of mourning would have been seen upon all of our public buildings, stores would have been closed, the bells would have rung out their saddest notes of mourning, the funeral obsequies would have been largely attended and the procession would have been imposing, Mount Auburn would have been the resting-place of the dead, instead of the narrow lot in potter's field, and, in the place of a wooden stake to mark his grave, a costly marble shaft would have been erected with his many virtues emblazoned upon its tablets to remind the beholder of a well-rounded life.

"Our task is not yet finished. We have

a word to say for that homeless, friendless orphan boy. Think of the utter loneliness that must have come over that boy as he turned away from his father's grave to go—where? Where could he go? He had no home; he dreaded to return to that miserable hovel; he dreaded to meet the roughs who had treated him so shamefully, so cruelly, when he left to go to the grave of his father. Think of the supreme loneliness that must have overwhelmed him as he turned into Murderer's alley on his way back to the wretched place he had so long called home. Where else could he go? He knew no other home. There was no friend to whom he could appeal now. Who would listen to his sorrows? What a dismal place for a boy of his age to stay for a night even! How cold and cheerless it must have been to him when he entered that lonely place! We wonder if he went supperless to bed, to that pallet of straw. You who are surrounded with all the comforts of a good home, think of that boy suffering for food—deprived, at this inclement season, of every comfort which makes your home so pleasant! Is there no one who will care for this boy? He is a bright and active lad, and can be saved, if looked after now; but if he is left there in that vile and polluted atmosphere, he will be lost. Surely there must be some one who will

not let the little fellow die without making an effort to save him. We hope and pray that before the sun shall set to-morrow night some good Samaritan will be journeying to Jericho by the way of Murderer's alley."

When Dr. Hamilton had finished reading the account of the funeral, Mrs. Hamilton remarked that it was surely a very sad case, and it would be too bad if that little fellow should freeze, this bitter cold night. Dr. Hamilton drew his easy-chair a little nearer the open grate, remarking as he did so, that "it is only one of a thousand sad cases which we read about. You know newspaper men are inclined to be sensational, and to color things so that the facts will not warrant the conclusion to which their reports often lead. It may be a blessing to the little vagabond as well as the community if he should freeze, rather than that he should grow up to follow in the footsteps of a drunken sot, like his father. No doubt he is a little thief. How could he be otherwise living in that miserable alley?"

Mrs. Hamilton said she did not know "what would become of poor people this winter, if they were out of work, out of money, and had only a scanty supply of provisions laid in."

Dr. Hamilton replied, "That is their own fault. If people will make fools of them-

selves they must expect to reap the fruits of their own sowing. The miseries of this world, in a great measure, come from wasted and willful abuse of opportunities which come alike to all. One man takes the advantage of his opportunities and acts wisely, while another man neglects them when they are within his reach. So each has his merited reward—the full measure of compensation that they are entitled to. I am not yet prepared to pour out my sympathies on the occupants of that notorious locality."

Mrs. Hamilton sat watching the flames in the grate as they shot up in many fantastic forms, and then hurried away, one after another, up the chimney. While she sat there, musing, her thoughts were carried back to the interesting reminiscences that had been brought to mind by the sight of old friends during the day. Still that orphan boy could not be banished from her thoughts. The cold chills which she had suffered from in the early part of the evening had disappeared, and she dropped into a reverie, and did not awake from it until Dr. Hamilton reminded her that the hour for retiring had come.

FIRE, SLEIGH-RIDE, ETC.

During the night a fire broke out in the city mills, and by the falling of the walls

outward into the street, several firemen were hurt. Before daylight Dr. Hamilton had been sent for to attend to the injured men. Mrs. Hamilton was up earlier than usual. She proposed to take a sleigh-ride before breakfast and, incidentally, to visit the orphan of whom her husband had read. The hostler was ordered to harness "Pet" to the sleigh, and see that there was an ample supply of robes, as it was a keen, frosty morning. Mrs. Hamilton also instructed the cook not to hurry the breakfast, as the doctor would not be back under an hour. Mrs. Hamilton put on extra warm wraps and her close-fitting fur hood. She told the driver it would not be out of their way to drive past the city mills, and they could see the ruins. Thirty minutes ride brought them to the end of their journey. Mrs. Hamilton rapped several times on the door of a very humble dwelling, and receiving no response, she tried the door, and found it was unlocked, and that a single brick held it shut. Pushing the door open, she was about to enter, but when she saw how dark and forbidding it looked within, her courage began to fail her. It was only for an instant, for she, having come, was unwilling to return without going in. This banished her fears, and she stepped boldly into the room. Going from the bright sunlight, intensified by the re-

flection from the snow, it required a moment or two for her eyes to adjust themselves to the dim light, and give her a sight of the surroundings. The feeble and straggling rays of light which came through the small windows, with all their dirt and the elaborate festoons with which the spiders had ornamented them, revealed something of the smoke-begrimed appearance of that uninviting room. A stove in the middle of the floor was the first visible piece of household furniture. While Mrs. Hamilton was admiring its dilapidated appearance, as a relic, a sudden trembling of the floor startled her, for she feared it might be giving way. However, before another recurrence of the unpleasant sensation, she was able to see what was in the room. She noticed a pile of rags in one corner, and the form of a youth under them, and rags and all were shaking spasmodically, like a dog when he is cold. When the mass shook, the floor trembled. Mrs. Hamilton approached the bed of the sleeper to see who he was, but he was so completely enveloped in the rag blankets that no part of a human being was to be seen. She called repeatedly to the unknown sleeper to "wake up," but he heeded not the call. It required a good shaking to arouse him. As the rags were pushed aside the face of a boy appeared, who, after rubbing his eyes

so that he could see, was surprised to see a lady standing before him. He was all the while shaking with the cold, and appeared troubled by the unexpected visitor. Mrs. Hamilton knew that this was James Noxx, the son of the man whose funeral had been described. She at once allayed his fears, by saying she had come to ask him to take a sleigh-ride with her, and if he would go he should have a good, warm breakfast. This proposition James was very glad to accept, the breakfast part of it especially. Mrs. Hamilton noticed, before he had fairly waked up, that he had in one hand a meatless bone, and there were furrows down his cheeks which indicated that he had cried himself to sleep. From the bone he probably obtained all the supper he had had the night before. Unwinding the rag blankets in which he had rolled himself, he was quickly ready for the sleigh-ride. As soon as she reached her home Mrs. Hamilton gave him a seat by the kitchen stove, and brought him a cup of hot coffee, and when he was thoroughly warmed she had him take a bath and put on a good, warm suit of clothes that Frank had outgrown. The boy she sent into the bath-room did not correspond in appearance to the fine-looking boy that came out. She would not have recognized him or believed it was the same boy, had there been any other boy in

the house. He was more than good-looking; he was a handsome lad. The new apparel, a clean face, and well-brushed hair, made a wonderful transformation in his appearance. His keen, black eyes, his high forehead, and his open countenance, showed that he had good parentage and good blood.

Mrs. Hamilton gave him a seat at the table by her side. Her husband was so interested in the morning paper, the particulars of the fire, and the patients he had been called to see, that the presence of a boy at the table occasioned no inquiry. Then, it was no uncommon occurrence for Mrs. Hamilton to have a boy or girl beside her at meal-time. Dr. Hamilton frequently remarked that it was one of his wife's "failings," to be forever feeding other people's hungry children. Mrs. Hamilton always accepted his compliments and kept right on, making many a poor boy and girl happy by the frequent invitations they received to dine or sup with "Grandma Hamilton." The truth of the matter was, that Dr. Hamilton was proud of his wife's "failings" as he was pleased to designate them. James Noxx had never before been permitted to sit down to a well-spread table. It was a very attractive sight for him. The elegant tableware, the abundanuce of good, wholesome food, all so tempting and fragrant,

gave him a hearty appetite for his breakfast. However, he could eat but little. The sudden transition from a hovel, where he had endured so much suffering from the cruelty of his father, and his almost constantly famishing condition, to an elegant dining-room, at a table "where there was enough and to spare," and the kind and loving words of Mrs. Hamilton, which reminded him so much of his dead mother, altogether quite overcame him. It troubled him to swallow his food, and in spite of his efforts, his eyes would fill with tears, which before had been bitter, but which now flowed for joy. Mrs. Hamilton saw that his heart was troubled, but could not see the cause. When breakfast was over she led him into the library and had him sit down on the sofa with her. She scarcely knew how to amuse him, but feeling sure that all boys liked to look at pictures, she showed him several albums. Turning over the leaves of one of them a photograph of a group of young ladies was exposed. "That is the class in which I graduated," Mrs. Hamilton said, and was about to turn to the next picture, when the boy said, "Stay, let me look. Why, that is my mother." "I think not, my boy. That lady lives a long way off. She is married now, and has a beautiful home of her own." James was sure he was right. She asked

him if he remembered hearing his mother's name before she was married. James said, "Yes; it was Helen Jackson." "Why, that was the name of my classmate." Mrs. Hamilton asked him if he remembered anything else about his mother. "Yes; mother had a picture just like yours, in an album. One day father carried the album off and sold it to the saloon-man for whisky. Mother cried when she found it was gone. She went to the saloon-man and asked him for it, but he would not let her have it unless she would give him five dollars. Mother did not have any money to give him, so he kept it. She had a ring, which she said was a 'class-ring.' It had a word on the outside and mother said it was their 'class motto.' Then there were some letters on the inside, 'Mt. and H., and class 18—.' One day mother did not get up, she was so sick. She called me to her bedside and said she wanted me to be a good boy and remember what she had taught me; if I was a good boy, God would take care of me after she was gone, and I should go to heaven when I died. Then she cried, and it made me cry too. I asked her what made her cry so. She said it made her feel so bad to think I would not have any home nor any one to care for me when she was dead. She said if I could only have a good home until I was grown up to be a

man she would feel satisfied. She wanted to give me something to remember her by. She took the 'class-ring' out of a little box which she carried in her pocket, and said that if I took good care of it some day it might bring me friends. She told me to be very careful of it, for if father saw it he would take it away from me and sell it for whisky. I promised her I would keep it out of father's sight. The day my mother died I sat by the bed and held her hands. She could not speak above a whisper. I thought it would make her feel better if I put the ring on her finger, and she smiled when she saw what I had done. In the afternoon father came home, and I was holding mother's hand close in mine, so he could not see the ring. He came along and gave me a kick, and said, 'You lazy scamp, what are you here for? Why are you not at work at rag-picking?' He kicked me over on my face, and before I could get up he saw the ring on mother's hand and pulled it from her finger. Mother tried to hold on to it, but she was so weak she could not. She tried to speak, begging him not to take it away, but he did not pay any attention to her. As soon as he got the ring, he went right out. Mother felt so bad she covered her face, so I might not see her cry. I cried, for I was so sorry that I had lost the ring, when I told mother

I would keep it. It made me feel bad to see father take it from her hand. I knelt down by the bed-side and took mother's hand in mine, and after I had kissed her, I fell asleep. When I awoke mother's hand was in mine, and it felt so cold it frightened me. I stood up and spoke to her, but she did not answer. I gave her a kiss, and her lips were cold. I staid by her all the forenoon, hoping she would wake up. In the afternoon a lady came in to get her to do some more work. She came up to the bed and looked at mother a moment, and then took hold of her hands, and she said, 'My poor boy, your mother is not asleep; she is dead.'"

James stopped. His feelings overcame him so that he could not say more.

Mrs. Hamilton saw that he was overcome, and she let him weep quietly. When he ceased she told him he could go out to the stable and see the horses; perhaps the hostler could find a sled for him to coast down the alley with. She wanted to be alone that she might think.

Dr. Hamilton having completed his professional calls for the morning, came in and sat down in his home office to "warm up" before dinner. Mrs. Hamilton's thoughts were on James and the story he had told of his home and his mother. She narrated to her husband the full particulars

of her showing James the pictures of her old classmates, and of his recognizing Helen Jackson as his mother. Dr. Hamilton listened very attentively, and when his wife had finished, he lay back in his chair and gave vent to a hearty laugh over the serious turn which she was inclined to give to all that James had told her of his history. Dr. Hamilton then said, "You have wasted your sympathies on worse than the desert air this time. You are altogether too tender-hearted for the 'rag-pickers' and thieves who infest Murderer's alley. You might as well go out and talk to the northwest wind that is blowing so furiously, as to talk to one of these little street arabs, expecting to get honest truth out of him. That locality is a regular school of vice. Every day in the year they are turning out accomplished graduates, first-class thieves, burglars, and confidence men. This boy you are so deeply interested in has graduated young in years. He was an apt scholar; he learned his lesson well. He will make his mark in the world if he is allowed to run at large."

Mrs. Hamilton asked, "Doctor, will you explain how it was that James should have picked out the picture of my old schoolmate, Helen Jackson, and have known her name? It was not on the photograph. Then he described our class-ring so ac-

curately. It is an unaccountable mystery to me, and I wish you would explain it if you can."

Dr. Hamilton replied, "There are many ways in which it might be explained. Perhaps your friend Helen's house has been burglarized, and her album and class-ring, among other things, were carried off. The plunder has been sent to the 'thieves' exchange,' Murderer's alley. You probably are not aware of it, but there are regular organized exchanges of stolen goods in all large cities. As, for instance, goods stolen in our city may be sent to one of these exchanges in New York or Chicago, while goods stolen in those cities may be sent here. If your friend Helen was living in New York, this accounts for James' having seen her photograph and ring, her name having been stamped in gilt upon the cover; and the artist probably penciled 'Helen Jackson' on the back of the picture for his guidance in having the right name upon each album. Very likely he knows just where to go to get those articles. As I infer from what you have said, he did not pretend to recognize any other face or give a name, only to this one picture. It is simply a sharp trick of a shrewd, sharp, and cunning boy-thief. You mark my words, you will see how it will come out if the matter is sifted to the bottom. I would

rather have given a hundred dollars than to have had that little rascal come inside this house. He will, no doubt, post up his 'pals' the first opportunity, and when we are away or off our guard, they will break in and ransack the house from cellar to garret. Supposing you give this boy shelter for a week. He may be a paragon of perfection; at the same time he would have so learned the run of the house and of its occupants that he could post up one of the gang, to which he belongs, so that they could 'work' the house at their pleasure six or twelve months hence; or he may to-night unfasten some window or door and let in one or more of these 'operators.' I fear you do not comprehend the risk you are running, when you allow a beggar to step inside the kitchen door. Half of those soap-and-silver-polish peddlers who travel from house to house, are simply 'spies' looking up 'sights,' in thieves' vocabulary. The peddler just wants to show you what wonderful polish he has to sell, so he draws the front door key from the lock, and polishes the handle very nicely, just to show the contrast and the virtue of his polish. At the same time he takes an impression of the key upon a piece of wax he holds in the palm of his hand. With this impression he has a duplicate key made for an accomplice to 'work the house' when

the polish peddler may be hundreds of miles away. Just think of the amount of plunder they could carry off at one haul. A thousand dollars worth could be stowed away in one of those big, slouching overcoats that beggars invariably wear. If you will take notice, you will never see a beggar, man or woman, wearing a close-fitting garment. It may look to an unsophisticated person like a mark of humility—willing to wear any garment that is given to them, however unbecoming or ill-fitting. It is a kind of 'professional badge' by which you can judge pretty well of the character of the person who applies for charity. Gentle sharpers, who dupe bank officials—wholesale forgers—dress in a different way. They wear the best cloth, made up in the latest style. Crooks of this class have the air of polished gentlemen, carry themselves with all the dignity of a 'high churchman'—might pass for a minister or bishop. They never descend to thieving, house-breaking, or highway robbery. It is beneath their dignity to steal. Your little pet cub, of such lamb-like innocence and meekness, is no doubt a well-trained thief, and will make a mark in the profession if he is left outside of the reform-school during his minority. If I had my say, every boy and girl born in Murderer's alley would be sent to the reform-school

before they were three years old. In my opinion, the best and only way to suppress vice and crime is in its incipient stages. Another bad feature of our city government is the employment of men for police and night-watchmen who have no moral character; men who are worse than the class against whom they are hired to protect property and persons. Many of them secure a place on the police force simply for the purpose of carrying on their nefarious business, or allowing their friends and accomplices to work under guardianship of a city official. If our citizens could only know the rascality in this line that is carried on in this city, there would be some startling disclosures. Those bold and daring wholesale robberies of banks and stores would not be veiled in unaccountable mystery. New York and Philadelphia have had to remove many men from the police force in consequence of the damaging discoveries that were brought to light by detectives. This is a crime a thousand times worse than being caught asleep on duty."

Dr. Hamilton had mounted his hobby, and he spoke volubly. His lecture was listened to very attentively by his wife, and it made a deep impression upon her mind. But she was too kind to agree with him.

She replied that she thought it was our Christian duty to exercise charity toward

the unfortnuate, especially children, as they are not responsible for their existence, nor guilty of the sins of vicious parents; even their own sins, committed in ignorance, cannot merit the same degree of punishment as the crimes of those who are brought up in well-educated families.

Here the discussion was brought to a close by the sound of the dinner-bell.

Dr. Hamilton could not let the subject end there. He said, as he arose from his chair, "If I am not right in my judgment as to this boy, I will give you the best seal-skin outfit or what-not you can find at Hovey's, or anywhere else in Boston, if it costs a thousand dollars."

Mrs. Hamilton said, "Very good; I am now certain of having a fur suit for Christmas, if you do not forget that promise. I believe there is a very great mystery hanging around this boy's life, and I shall not rest satisfied until it is fully and satisfactorily explained."

James came in from the kitchen, and Mrs. Hamilton gave him a seat at her side, as at breakfast. His coasting exercise had painted his cheeks with a rosy hue, and his keen, black eyes sparkled with more than the intelligence common in a boy of his years. His appetite was excellent, and the dinner was relished as a dinner never had been before.

Dr. Hamilton said little, but kept a close watch on the boy. The prolonged "talk" over James's sudden introduction into the family, prompted the Doctor to exercise his skill in reading his character and probable history—the Doctor considering himself something of an expert on character-reading. Dinner over, Dr. Hamilton told James he might go out to the stable and tell the hostler to hitch up the "blacks," as soon as they were through eating.

Mrs. Hamilton said, "Doctor, I wish you would, if you have time, drive up Washington street, to Messrs. Ticknor & Field's book-store, and ask Mr. Field if Mrs. Welling, our class historian, still keeps the class records at their store. If they are not there, he will know Mrs. Welling's address. As we spent three years abroad immediately after I graduated, I lost all track of Helen Jackson, not having met since we left Mount Holyoke. Alice Weston told me, on our return from Europe, that Helen was happily married to a very promising young lawyer, and I think she said they were living in Brooklyn. That is all I have known of Helen's history for more than fifteen years. It does seem so strange that two intimate friends, entering the seminary at the same time, and occupying the same room for four years, should have so completely lost sight of each other."

As soon as the Doctor had left and Mrs. Hamilton had attended to the household duties, she called James into the library to catechize him once more—"cross-examine" him, as the lawyers say. She had become thoroughly stirred up by the talk she had with the Doctor before dinner, and she plied James with questions in regular lawyer fashion. James stood the examination like a boy who was telling the truth. He stuck to his original statements so persistently that it shook the faith of Mrs. Hamilton in her husband's theory considerably.

Finally Mrs. Hamilton started out on a new line of examination. She questioned him as to whether he had any brothers or sisters. James said there was a little brother and sister, but they died before he was born. "They died one cold night all alone, because mamma was shut up in jail. Mamma used to tell me about them. They were buried in one coffin. Mamma always cried when she told me about little brother and sister, and that made me cry, too."

Tears began to show themselves in James's eyes, and he stopped, and taking from his pocket a little round pill-box and removing the cover, took out a slip, evidently cut from a New York paper, and handing it to Mrs. Hamilton, said, "That tells all about it."

It was headed: "Boston Red-Tape—Two Beautiful Children Frozen to Death—A Scene in the Boston Police-Court." We omit the court proceedings. We will let the reporter describe the home and what he saw there:

"We were hurrying down State street to the custom-house to see a friend off for Europe, when we were halted by Officer Grew, and asked to go with him to see a sight. We bid our friend a hasty and hearty good-bye, and followed the officer. He led us down Broad street and turned into a narrow alley, and at the second or third door stepped in, and led the way up three flights of rickety stairs and entered a low attic room. It was lighted with a single dormer-window. The room and its condition showed it was a home where poverty and deprivation of every comfort of living were painfully manifested. A woman was kneeling beside a low bed in the wildest agony. Her eyes had a wild, maniac glare about them. They were tearless. She was constantly wringing her hands, and it seemed as though she would twist them off or her wrists out of joint. A low moan, and then a shriek of the wildest frenzy, exclaiming, 'I cannot go with you; I must go home. My little children are sick, and they will die before morning if you do not let me go to them. Help! O,

help! I will not go and leave them to die.' Then exhausted, she sank down into a seeming unconscious state, which would last fifteen or twenty minutes, when a similar wild frenzy would come on. Upon the bed were two beautiful children, a boy of five and a girl of three, locked in each other's arms, and death had placed his seal upon those sweet faces. It was a sight for an artist. We wished for the power to have wrought those lovely faces into marble. A finer model never was set for an artist. Their bodies were frozen stiff and could not be separated. They were placed in the coffin just as they were found."

Dr. Hamilton called at Ticknor & Field's store on his way home. Mr. Field informed him that Mrs. Welling, the class historian, had the day before sent for the records. She had to prepare a report for the coming anniversary, and desired to have them at home where she could work upon it at her leisure. Mrs. Welling's address was Providence, Rhode Island. Mrs. Hamilton lost no time in addressing a note to Mrs. Welling to learn of Helen Jackson.

Mrs. Welling responded promptly, and this is what she said in reply to Mrs. Hamilton's note of inquiry:

"My Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—You do not know how glad I was to receive a letter this morning from a dear old class-

mate. I only wished you had come in the place of the letter. Would we not have had a good long 'chat' over our school-days at the seminary? I have just been longing to see some one of our old class. Why cannot you come and make me a good visit? Come and stay a week, at least. By the way, you must not forget our reunion next June; you know we all agreed to return to our *alma mater* on the twentieth anniversary of our graduation.

"I often try to imagine how we shall look after twenty years of separation. As I look forward, how long, yet how short, when numbered with the past. I wonder if I shall know you, and if you would know me. Old Father Time has laid his hand heavily upon me. I am not that 'lively girl' who used to cut up so many 'pranks,' and keep the teachers in a 'peck of trouble' over a little rebellion that seemed ever on the eve of an open revolt, and then poor I was so seriously suspected of having a hand in the plot, if not of being its leader. I wonder! Didn't I enjoy seeing little Miss Smart get into a towering rage over some insignificant misdemeanor of a pupil.

"Well, those days have passed, and now I am very much of an old lady. Yes, there are several who call me 'Grandma Welling.' So now you will have to put your wits to work to imagine how the 'old lady' who is

now addressing you will look next June. I have my mind's eye on a little 'Miss Gowing,' who forever wanted to be going just where she couldn't—over the fence into tempting fields of exploration—all because she was fenced in, hedged in, by the inexorable rules of the institution.

"We shall not meet all of our old classmates there. Our ranks have been sadly broken. Death has not been idle, and several have fallen by the way. Having been chosen necrologist, I have a sad, very sad, duty to perform. I dread it; I dread to read the record. Several of the flower of the class will be missing. Helen Jackson, of whom you inquire, was one of the loveliest members of our class. She possessed rare graces. Her modesty and kindness were of the heart. Her sympathy was strong and deep for any member of the class who might be sick or needed assistance in any way. She was always ready to respond to any call for help. She was admirably fitted to grace any society she chose to enter. I did envy her talents and the bright future that opened up before her so auspiciously. It was wicked and I knew it. I have repented of that sin of covetousness. How little we know what sore disappointments are allotted to our friends! As I know how deep Helen had to drink of the bitterest cup ever placed to

the lips of any one, I cannot be too grateful that my fortune was not hers. I wish I were as good as she was.

"I will give you the brief story of Helen's life, hoping to make it much fuller in my historical report for the June anniversary.

"Helen was married, soon after graduating, to Joseph Howard Noxx, a very promising young lawyer. He ranked high in his profession. Few lawyers at the Suffolk bar gained so prominent a position in so brief a time. His services were in constant demand, not only professionally, but he was sought for on many public occasions. As a speaker, few were his equals—he was a fine orator. His success was his ruin. He took a 'social glass' now and then. The wine club next became his resort. Then came neglect of business. As business fell off his dissipation increased. His friends induced him to change his location, hoping that by breaking away from his too fast friends, he might start anew. He removed to New York City. His professional reputation went with him. Business came fast, unsolicited, and so did the tempter. The appetite for liquor had got a firm hold upon him, and he could not overcome it. He drank freely. The wine club was his daily resort. Business disappeared. Men of wealth would not commit their interests to the hands of an attorney who would

jeopardize them by his habits of dissipation. He had sold himself to that inexorable tyrant—whisky. His beautiful home was stripped of its elegant furnishings; he had to abandon it for a less desirable one. He had to change his dwelling-place often. Each change was for the worse. He returned to Boston, his wife still clinging to him with all the devotion that characterizes a true woman. She never lost hope. She tried every way to reclaim him. Her efforts were futile. In his sober moments he bewailed the sad wreck he had made of himself. In vain did he resolve and re-resolve, and promise in the most earnest and solemn manner, never, no never, to drink another drop of liquor. The appetite was the master, and he was the slave bound in bands stronger than iron. His wife took in washing to earn bread for herself and children. There were two beautiful little ones, a boy of five and a little girl of three years. They were taken sick with the croup. One Saturday morning she needed medicine for the children and coal to last over Sunday. She gave her husband three dollars, all the money she had, to get the medicine, and buy coal with the balance. He was sober, and promised most faithfully that he would get the medicine and purchase the coal, and not visit any saloon, and return as soon

as possible. Noon came, and he was still absent. The children were growing worse for the need of the medicine. The coal was reduced to a bucketful. Mrs. Noxx became exceedingly anxious over the situation. It was a cold night, and was growing colder. She had no neighbors. They were living in an attic in a block used for storage. Not another person roomed in the building. Mrs. Noxx was in still greater distress. It was midnight, the fire had gone out, and the cold was intense. Water was freezing in the room. The children were suffering intensely. The mother was helpless to alleviate their terrible sufferings. She needed hot water to prepare warm drinks, and hot cloths to bandage their throats, that they might breathe with less difficulty. What could she do at the dead hour of night? Not a friend was near whom she could call upon for assistance. She was in a terrible dilemma. She could not sit by her darlings and see them die without making one effort to save them, even if she could not save them. She tucked them in as well as she could, and putting on a shawl and taking a bag, she hurried down to a boat-yard, where she had often been before, to get chips and shavings. She had not gone more than two or three squares before she discovered a watchman following her. She

tried to keep out of his sight. She was near a lumber-yard, and went in and hid behind a pile of lumber. The watchman followed her, and searched until he found her hiding-place. He asked her what she was there for, and ordered her to 'come along.' She went with him to the street, and told him why she was out at that hour of the night. He replied that he had heard too many such yarns; she would have to go to the lock-up with him. She said if he would go to her home, and if he did not find her little children sick and dying for want of care, then she would go readily with him to the lock-up. He would not listen to her pleadings. She refused to go. He sprang his rattle for help. Another officer came to his aid. She pleaded with him. He told her to 'shut up,' she was going to the lock-up, and the judge would settle her case Monday morning. They dragged her to the lock-up, although it would not have been a square out of their way to have gone by her home. At the lock-up the officer in charge was deaf to all her pleadings, and threatened to place her in the dungeon if she didn't stop her 'talking' and keep quiet. The sequel to this terrible outrage was published in the city papers at the time. I enclose a slip, which please return when you have done with it.

"It would seem that her cup of sorrow

was more than full; that nature must have yielded to the terrible strain. Years of accumulated sorrow were hers to suffer, to endure. Her husband sank lower and lower, and partook more of brute nature than of the human. Liquor had burned out the last vestige of his manhood. Another son was born to suffer untold miseries. The mother died a little more than a year ago. By a late paper I noticed the father had died in the gutter. A poor orphan boy is left to battle with life alone. For the mother's sake I wish that he could be placed in some good home. What a sad life was Helen's! That our valedictorian should have had such a fate seems incredible. Surely those whose path seemed the brightest at the start often prove it may turn to the blackest shades of night."

Mrs. Hamilton was now fully convinced that Helen was James's mother, and the story that he had told her as to his mother was true in every particular. However, to satisfy the doctor, she wrote again to Mrs. Welling to know if there were any additional particulars of evidence whereby she could be doubly assured as to the identity of James.

Mrs. Welling, in answer, wrote:

"My Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—As to the identity of James, the boy you have with you, there is not the least difficulty in set-

tling that beyond a doubt. The city physician is an old friend of my husband, and through him I learned the particulars I gave in my first letter. The city physician was here last week, and taking up a photograph of a very ragged boy, wished to know how that came to be in my collection of photographs. He then gave me the particulars of that boy's mother. Had it not been for him we never should have known of her last days. Helen kept all her griefs locked in her own bosom. My daughter was attending the art school in Boston. The teacher wanted several boys for models, and requested the pupils whenever they found a good specimen to bring him in. My daughter was out for a walk one day, and she took a stroll along the wharves, and she discovered some half a dozen boys, like bees, around a sugar hogshead, feasting themselves on the sweetness that was clinging around the sides of the cask. It occurred to her that 'here are some choice specimens.' She made arrangements with the entire lot to go up with her to the school. Six 'sugar-coated' boys accompanied her to the art rooms. The teachers were delighted with the specimens. My daughter having been the only successful one in securing 'models,' was allowed to choose her boy. He was so comically dressed and had such fine features, and

fearing if she let him go she never could catch him again, she took him to a photograph gallery and had his likeness taken just as he was—sugar and all. She wrote his name on the back of the photograph, and the city physician recognized the boy at once. Now, I am going to enclose the photograph in this letter, and if James remembers these facts about it you may rest assured that you have found Helen's motherless boy."

JAMES NOXX'S HOME.

The home in which James Noxx was born, and in which he passed his early childhood, was one from which most boys would have recoiled with fear and horror, and indeed James himself recoiled from it when he thought of the suffering which he had witnessed and experienced there. Yet to it he turned as his home, because he had no knowledge of any other, and because in it, in the midst of its wretchedness and repulsiveness, there was one attraction—his mother. But she could not make it a heaven on earth, when the demon of the whisky-bottle was the despotic tyrant which ruled the house.

James's father was a dissipated man and a notorious drunkard. None but those who have learned by bitter experience can know what a drunkard's home is like, what

disgrace and untold misery it brings upon the family, isolating them from all decent society, depriving them of every social relation and its enjoyments—cutting them off from assistance and sympathy of friends and neighbors. We do pity the drunkard's wife and children, who are the innocent victims of a drunken father, the helpless ones upon whom falls the curse of his degradation. It would be difficult to find a boy who began life in worse circumstances or with more unfavorable surroundings than those that environed James Noxx. His early life was one of extreme hardship. There was no sunshine along the way to make it bright and cheerful; there was little to gladden his heart in all these years. Although he had so good a mother, she could not lift the cruel burden that was crushing the very life-blood from her bleeding heart, and was powerless to relieve James from his cruel bondage.

Her heart went out in loving sympathy for her boy, and she did all she could to lighten his burdens and soothe his troubled soul. The happy days of boyhood, so full of childish sports, free from all care, were unknown to him—blotted out of his early experience. His pathway was ever shrouded in the deepest gloom; it was a rough and thorny road for his tender feet. His little heart was made to bleed, pierced

by the cruel shafts of the arch enemy of all happiness—that remorseless demon of the bottle. It had transformed one of the best of fathers into that demon which had robbed a home of all that might have made it a home of delight and happiness.

It had ruined and brought his father down from the highest position to the gutter. It robbed him of a lucrative law practice; it ruined a happy home; it killed one of the best of wives; it compelled its wretched slave to sacrifice everything upon the altar of the appetite which controlled him—the bright prospects before him, his good reputation, his family, his friends, all—everything went to satisfy the demands of the insatiate demon—thirst. To it he had surrendered his manhood, and his generous nature—every noble impulse.

James never knew what it was to have a sober father, for it was rare for him to be free from the influence of whisky. He was cross and brutal at all times. He had no more pity for his family than a starving hyena has for its prey. Devoid of paternal feeling, he was more remorseless than the grave. James's life had been one of extreme hardship. Heavy burdens were laid upon his young shoulders, too heavy for a boy of tender years. He was compelled to go in all weathers upon the street to pick up rags. It was no pleasing task for a boy

of his years to be associated with professional "rag-pickers"—street arabs. There was the "rag-pickers' union," and they wanted no interlopers in the field, especially if the new-comer was not of their kind. The field was already assigned and occupied by the members of the rag-picker's union. There was no escape for James; the stern and imperative orders of a heartless father forced him upon the streets, and once there, he was compelled to endure treatment scarcely less inhuman than that inflicted by his father.

Rag-pickers, as a class, belong to the lowest stratum of fallen humanity. Consequently they are a representative class, little less than convicted criminals of the worst grade—professional thieves. The rag-picker's union was a monopoly. James was compelled to respect their arrogant demands and assumed rights. If he found a good field to prospect in, he was ordered off. If he did not go, they would club him until he did. They took special delight in tormenting him in every way they could; accused him of stealing some of their plunder for a pretext to examine his bag, then steal his rags, bag and all. If he complained they would beat him cruelly. So the poor boy was abused day after day by these street arabs. Yet a worse ordeal awaited him when he returned home at

night. If his complement of rags failed to satisfy his father's expectations, he was rewarded by a severe reprimand, and frequently a cruel flogging followed. Bowed down with the sorrows of his hard lot, his heart ready to burst with anguish, he gave vent to his pent-up feelings in floods of tears, which provoked his inhuman father to heap upon him his anathemas for the sorrow he could not repress. It was enough to chill the ambition and aspirations of a young life. Such are some of the woes that come to many a boy who has a drunken father.

How could a boy with all the evil influences of low and vicious associates abroad and the brutal treatment and vile example of a drunken father at home, fail to become a wicked man, a curse to himself, a nuisance in society, and a burden to the State?

The way to ruin is easy. The home influences are so woven into the web of life that they stamp the character for good or ill. Such influences are liable to become indelibly impressed upon the young, plastic nature, and are as enduring as if they were chiselled into adamantine rock. Influence is eternal. What fearful responsibility rests upon the home!

All the proceeds of James's labor went for whisky. All the household furniture, piece by piece, went for whisky. All his

mother's clothing that James's father could get hold of, all her little mementoes and precious keep-sakes, everything the saloon-keeper would take in exchange, or the pawnbroker would receive on "pawn," went for whisky—to the last loaf of bread when his wife and child were famishing.

At last death entered that home. Death is no respecter of persons. He enters the hovel and the palace alike. He has no regard for high or low; position or condition are not considerations which govern that grim guest.

James's mother was dead. The best and only friend he had in the world. She died of a broken heart, neglect, and starvation. For days there was not a morsel of food fit for a sick woman or the price of a loaf of bread in that miserable abode. She died and was buried while the husband was away on a drunken spree. When he returned and found his wife missing—dead and buried—he had no regrets, no tears to shed. Whisky and how to get it was his all-absorbing thought. He concerned himself about nothing beyond.

After James's mother died a heavier burden was his to carry. He had no one to care for him or to sympathize with him in his loneliness, in his new-found grief. Many a time he and his mother had gone supperless to bed; yet she never would let

James suffer hunger when they had anything to eat. She would deny herself rather than that he should want. There never was a surplus on their table. James's father was ever waiting for the last cent of his daily earnings. He had to get his food as he could. The drunkard's food is all in whisky. James occasionally found small pieces of money, or did something for which he would obtain a small compensation. With the money he bought bread. He would not beg, and when the gnawings of hunger could not be appeased, he resorted to the slop-pails and barrels upon the street, filled every morning with the waste and refuse that came from the well-spread tables of those who never know want or hunger. It was often a strife between the city scavengers, the half-starved and worthless curs, and James, as to who had the best right to "fish" in those filthy receptacles, filled with the refuse of the kitchen. It was his last resort to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Such were some of the trials of James Noxx in his boyhood.

Mrs. Hamilton proved a good mother to the boy. After she learned that his own mother was her dear, old classmate, she took a deeper interest in his welfare. After three years of probation, James became the adopted son of the Hamiltons, taking the place of an only son who was dead.

James grew up to be a good man, filled many offices of trust, and died mourned by all who were so fortunate as to have his acquaintance.

Years ago a New Orleans merchant was in Boston on business. His only companion was a dog. The merchant was taken sick, died, and was buried in that "Beautiful City of the Dead," Mount Auburn. The faithful dog was the solitary mourner. He watched his master's grave day and night. Lying down upon the grave, nothing could induce him to leave it, and there he died of grief. A *fac simile* of the dog was cut in marble and placed over the grave of his master. Not far away is a family enclosure. In the centre is a marble column. Just at the right of the column James was laid to rest. The family name is on the shaft, but it is not "*Hamilton.*"

A LESSON FROM THE NOXX FAMILY.

We have introduced the Noxx family to our readers for a special object. First, to impress upon young men the fearful risk there is in the least indulgence—imbibing the "first glass" of the "accursed stuff," liquid fire.

The story of the rise and fall of Joseph Howard Noxx is only one of a thousand who have made the same fatal mistake by

consenting to take a "social glass" to please a friend. That cowardly fear of giving offense is what ruined Mr. Noxx, and it is ruining young men by hundreds, by thousands—those who have not the moral courage to stand up in their manhood and say "no."

The other consideration which we wish to make most emphatic is, that however degrading and humiliating it may be to own a drunken father, it is not your fault, your sin, unless you follow in his footsteps; to assure you that it does not prevent or debar such a young man from rising above the most unfortunate circumstances and the most miserable surroundings imaginable, if he but wills it and makes up his mind that he will be a man.

For they conquer who believe they can.—*Dryden.*

There are scores of instances on record where the sons of drunkards who had the misfortune of a life-long example, with all its debasing influences, as well as an hereditary thirst for liquor, yet have made for themselves an honorable record. We could give the name of a distinguished gentleman who has filled many important public offices, and who is now enjoying an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, whose early home was that of a

drunkard. His father was an old toper—cared nothing for his family or friends. Whisky he considered his best friend and boon companion; to keep company with it was his sole ambition, while the family were sorely pinched with poverty, being almost daily on the borders of starvation.

I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none.—*Shakspeare.*

Another instance is of a gentleman who was the son of a poor, dissipated father. The son was "apprenticed out" to learn a trade, and the small pittance he received went to buy rum for his father. Many a time was that son compelled to look upon that father lying in the filth of the gutter, dead drunk. It gave the son the horrors, and made him set his face like a flint against rum and rum-dealers. He rose in his manhood—in years only his boyhood—with a fixed purpose, with an invincible determination, that he would rise above his unfortunate condition and become a man. He gave himself to hard study, spending his evenings in the solitude of his own chamber, with his books, acquiring useful knowledge. Step by step he worked his way along until he reached the highest position in the gift of his native State—its governor. He went to congress, and was elected speaker of the house of representa-

tives. Many other offices of responsibility he filled with honor.

Let no one say: "My lot is a hard one;" "I am bound down by untoward circumstances;" "There is no hope for me;" "My burden is too heavy for me to carry;" "All these things are against me;" "I might as well give up first as last;" "My untimely entrance upon life blighted every prospect, closed every avenue against me, and what's the use of my trying to rise above the unhappy condition of my inheritance, my birth-right?" If once you allow such thoughts to weigh upon your mind, you peril the mighty possibilities which are within your grasp, if you will it. Giving way to the "blues" will not make a man of you, or bring you to the greatest good. Study carefully the lives of other heroes who have made themselves heroes by lifting themselves out of the mire and low surroundings, to "stand before kings."

The highway to success is hedged up to no one who dares to be a man. Young man, look up, not down.

Fortune befriends the bold.—*Dryden.*

HAPPY HOMES.

A WIFE.

There is a magic in that little word,—it is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits.—*Southey.*

I want (who does not want?) a wife,—
  Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
  And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
  Of firm, yet placid mind,—
With all my faults to love me still,
  With sentiment refined.

—*John Quincy Adams.*

Every young man needs a home of his own. If he is wise he will in due time have one. The sooner he makes up his mind to that fact, the better it will be for him. A home should be the best place on earth. A delightful retreat to which to fly when the day's labors are over; where the cares and perplexities of business find no lodging-place. If a home is not pleasant, the husband will seek other places to spend his evenings. We know of men who belong to every lodge, club, and society there is to belong to, and are ready to

watch with a "sick brother" once a week, simply because the house they eat and sleep in is not a home. It is wonderful how long a "sick brother" needs watchers, how he holds on to life. We have known of that sick brother for a quarter of a century; and he "still lives." He never will die until the last man of the last club and lodge is dead and buried.

A New Hampshire woman has a husband who is addicted to joining secret societies. One of her exasperated outbursts is thus reported, "Jine! He'd jine anything. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in, and if he had to pay to get in he'd go all the suddener."

To have a happy home there must be a similarity of tastes between husband and wife, a congeniality of desires and aspirations. If the husband is an ignoramus, and the wife a lady of refinement and culture, there will not be much social enjoyment around the evening lamp.

The Arabs have a tradition that the human race was created in halves, and each half sent out traveling around the world to find its other half, and if the right half was found, happiness was the inevitable result. If the wrong one was selected—two odd

halves—there was no match and no happiness.

A young man is very unwise to seek to enter into society that he has no relish for, and cannot enjoy. The aspiration to rise above one's natural surroundings is very commendable; but to aspire to move in society entirely beyond one's capacity for enjoyment would only make a man miserable. No one would be so foolish as to run after a railroad train that he never could overtake. But it is quite as foolish for any one to try to enter into society to which he cannot attain. This excludes no one from enjoying happiness to his fullest capacity. If you wish to rise above your fellows, you have something to do. Hard work and constant study will bring any man into a higher and better life. Beaconsfield did not reach his place as premier of England by indolence, or by waiting for luck to elevate him to that high position. Far from it. He belonged to the "despised race"—was a Jew; and even after he took his seat in parliament, was "hissed" down on his first speech. The members did not hiss at him afterward. There is a preparative process required of every one who wishes to rise above his environment. If he is not willing to submit to the drill, he cannot expect promotion.

FALLING IN LOVE.

Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—*William Penn.*

Falling in love and marrying at sight are just as good as a prolonged courtship, provided the union should prove to be a happy one. A man in the State of Michigan fell in love with a young lady and married her on the same day. She was not inclined to say more than "yes," or "no," and he attributed it to her modesty. It increased the value of the prize for him. He was economical, and was quite satisfied with getting a wife with no time lost in courting, or in decking himself with handsome neckties; but, unfortunately for him, he quickly changed his mind, when he found his neck was tied with a tie he could not untie. He had married a foolish girl—an idiot.

A few days ago a young lady in Illinois said she would be married in fifteen minutes if she could find the man. A friend happened to know a "fifteen minute" man and brought him in, and they were married. A fifteen minute courtship is just as good, or better, than a fifteen year courtship, if the right halves make the match. If they should not match, what then? It is dangerous business to fall in love at sight. Better go slow.

On the other hand, we can commend

although we need not emulate the extreme prudence of the young man in the State of Connecticut, who, after he had courted his lady-love seven years, asked her, "Nellie, dear, do you think it would be improper or wrong for us now to exchange a kiss?" We presume she did not.

We read of a man who fell in love with a "dummy" in a show window. We think it was not reciprocated, and consequently no harm came of it.

A young lady who was rescued from a watery grave, and when restored to her senses declared she would marry her rescuer, at all hazards, was not a little taken back to learn that it was a Newfoundland dog that had saved her life.

All matches are not made in heaven. Those that have a good deal of fire and brimstone in their composition are not made there. Green hands cannot exercise too much caution about fooling with dangerous compounds. Some of these unequal matches "go off," and somebody gets hurt.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

I chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, for qualities that would wear well.—*Goldsmith.*

In the choice of a partner a young man should exercise the same prudence and caution that he would in business relation. It comes right down to that with all sen-

sible persons. Every one should go about it in a straightforward way, and not go sneaking around as though he were ashamed of his job, or were going to do some mean thing. When a man of business enters into a copartnership he goes into it intelligently, consults those who can advise him, and who can judge whether it would be a good move for him. After obtaining all the advice and the best counsel, he exercises his best judgment before he commits himself. A life partnership is of vastly more importance than a mere business partnership. A young man cannot be too careful about forming a life-partnership. His whole life is to be modified. It is the most momentous event that will ever come to him. He needs therefore to exercise the utmost care and caution in selecting a life-partner. Because a lady can sing, and play the piano well, or has a pretty face, dances gracefully, has a fine flow of language, reads French, sings in Italian, and dreams in Spanish, and has all the showy accomplishments of a fashionable young lady, it does not follow that she is a proper helpmate for a young man. Splendid parlor ornaments may captivate, and lead young men to decide thoughtlessly by such exhibitions of showy talents, but they are very certain to bring disappointment and miserable homes.

THE MODERN BELLE.

She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in her silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little,
'Tis a great deal more than she thinks.

She lies in bed in the morning
Till near the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

* * * * * * * *

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair;
One of the very best matches—
Both are well-mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!

—*Stark.*

There are society girls and home girls. The former appear best abroad—they are the girls who are good for parties, visits, balls, etc., whose chief delight is in such things. The latter are the kind that appear best at home—the girls who are cheerful and useful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and the precincts of home. They

differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring with life and goodness all who come within her influence. Now it does not necessarily follow that there must be two classes of girls. The right education would modify both of them a little, and unite their characters in one.

There are other accomplishments of much greater value than those we have mentioned that a young man should look for in a wife if he has to depend upon his own labor for a living. A "society lady" would be out of place in his home. Such a wife would be miserable unless in the whirlpool of excitement, giving or attending fashionable parties weekly, and would not add to his happiness. A wife who is ignorant of all the household duties, who is not mistress of every department, is not qualified to take charge of her home. We hear young ladies, even married ladies, boast that they do not know how to prepare a dinner. For a rich man, with plenty of servants, such a wife may do. He can afford it. A wasteful house-keeper will ruin any young man. If a young lady has been accustomed to extravagance, plenty of everything to do with, and to spend, it will be one of the hardest lessons for her

to learn, if ever learned, when necessity compels her to exercise economy.

GOOD HOUSE-KEEPERS ARE A RARITY.

To be a neat house-keeper, a first-class cook, without wastefulness, is a rare gift. The French people excel in making the best out of the least and poorest material. We have been from cellar to attic in a thousand homes, and we could tell some shocking tales about the way some homes are kept among the *bon ton.* We have seen on the street, a lady dressed like a queen, in her silks and satins, whose piano was covered with dust so thick you could not tell what wood it was made of; we have seen the same lady, with one swoop of her arm, attempt to sweep the dust off, all in her street costume of silks. We have been in a mansion, costing fifty thousand dollars to build, where a square yard of pedigree, elegantly framed, was hanging on the wall in the hall, and the lady in silks was reclining on an elegant sofa in the parlor. Yet, the dining-room and the kitchen were so dirty and filthy that it disgusted us to look around. At the door were thrown out to the dogs, nice cake, rich cuts of beef, large loaves of bread, etc., all spoiled in baking. Still the square yard of pedigree hung on the wall in the front hall. We passed through the chambers and saw even

more startling sights. We saw the labors of numerous spiders, elaborate festoons that graced every corner—the delicate network sweeping across from corner to corner, ornamented with the "dust of ages." The square yard of pedigree hung on the wall in the front hall all the same. We came to the conclusion that a square yard of pedigree in the front hall was not a diploma for superior house-keeping accomplishments. Don't go too much on "pedigree."

A good education—the very best that can be secured—is a very desirable accomplishment for a young lady. But when she knows more of French than she does of domestic economy, in our opinion she has too much education to fill the place of a good housewife. It is not necessary that she do all the hard drudgery of the kitchen, but if she is able to see that all the appointments of the kitchen are properly carried out, economically as well as hygienically, she understands a science superior to all the knowledge found in books. The knowledge of French or Italian will not guarantee good bread or light biscuit, or cook a beefsteak to a turn. It is an independent branch of education, and one's health and happiness are dependent upon the way the food is prepared every day and three times each day. It is what we eat

that makes us hearty, robust, and strong, or weak and puny. A thousand ills are to be averted or endured by the way food is prepared in the kitchen. Charging up to providence, sickness, indigestion, dyspepsia, and other kindred ills, is simply wickedness, when all these ills are the direct results of villainous cooking. The most nutritious and easily digested food may be converted into the most unwholesome and indigestible, by the carelessness and ignorance of the cook. If you wish to avoid expense, waste, sickness, doctor's bills, etc., you must have the very best culinary skill.

We are very glad to know that the subject has been recently brought before the public, and schools are being established, and are becoming popular, where practical instructions are given in the science of cooking. That the lowest and most ignorant class of servants have so long been left to prepare the daily food for the family, is one of the mysterious problems which we cannot solve on any known hypothesis. The only good that comes from it is, that it affords the doctors, druggists, and undertakers much better incomes. It would be too bad to let them die for want of business. So their patients are sick and die that they may live. The cooks are in league with the doctors.

WHAT IOWA GIRLS ARE TAUGHT.

At the Iowa agricultural college every girl in the junior class has learned how to make good bread—weighing and measuring her ingredients, mixing, kneading, and baking, and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast and make biscuit, pudding, pies, and cakes of various kinds; how to cook a roast, broil a steak, and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff and roast a turkey, make oyster-soup, prepare stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth, and in short, to get up a first-class meal, combining both substantial and fancy dishes, in good style. Theory and manual skill have gone hand in hand. If there is anything that challenges the unlimited respect and devotion of the masculine mind it is ability in woman to order well her own household.

Perhaps our readers may ask what this has to do with "love, courtship, and happy homes." It has everything to do with it. No man can be happy if he has to eat sole-leather, fried in burnt grease, or eat bread that is as indigestible as pig-lead. A good, healthy body cannot be kept in running order when laden with a great burden that is daily reducing its strength, and sapping its life blood. When a bank has to draw daily

on its capital to meet running expenses, it is only a matter of time how long it can continue to do business. When one's system is tasked beyond its powers of endurance, that moment it begins to wear out.

Good wholesome food, properly prepared, produces good blood, which nourishes brain, bone, and muscle. Happiness to every family has its headquarters in the culinary department. If the manipulations of the cooking process are at fault, the whole domestic economy will suffer, and unhappiness follows. A fretful and restless child destroys much comfort and enjoyment of a household. All this is often occasioned by the indigestible food which the child is compelled to eat. It is simply inhuman to compel children to eat food that is unfit for them. We believe it would be a wise provision of law that no girl could marry without having first passed an examination and received a diploma certifying to her qualifications by experience and knowledge of the hygiene of the kitchen. We see no reason why laws should not be made to cover the proper preparation of food as well as the adulteration of it. It is due to the health of the community that only pure articles of food shall be sold and used; also that pure articles of food shall not be converted into poison. One is as bad as the other. The time is near at hand when it

will be fashionable and considered a great acquisition, to know how to prepare the choicest dishes for those in health, as also for the invalid; when the highest art will be, not to decorate a plate, but to prepare the food that is to fill it. Elegant dishes, with beautiful and appropriate designs, are pleasing to look upon, but will not satisfy the cravings of a hungry man, nor make a miserably cooked dinner one particle better. Muddy coffee will not taste any better though served in gold cups.

A good English education and the knowledge of domestic economy, will add more to a young man's happiness than all the foreign languages or polite accomplishments that it is possible for any one young lady to be the mistress of. If a young lady's conversational powers are limited to a few stereotyped phrases, as "awful mean," "horrid," "ugly," etc., a little schooling would impart ability to use more elegant language. We have heard some very coarse expressions from ladies occupying costly mansions and living in good style. Such people purchase their libraries by the square yard, and estimate the value of the books by the quantity of gilt on the back of the covers, not by the contents.

UNHAPPILY MATED.

I pity from my heart the unhappy man who has a bad wife. She is shackles on his feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden to his shoulder, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.—*Osborne.*

We have said what we have on the dark side of wedded life, that each young man may realize the fact that it is all a lottery if he should marry on an evening's acquaintance. We know of a case where a young man courted and married a young lady without letting any of his friends know of his intention to marry. He thought he was doing a shrewd thing. He found that he had not done so well when, in two weeks after they were married, he had to carry his wife to an insane asylum. He had married into a family where insanity was hereditary. He must either live with an insane wife or support her at the asylum.

We know of two persons in Vermont who were married at an evening party, because a justice offered to marry any couple without pay who would "stand up" then and there. Two fools "stood up," and were married. The longer they lived together the greater became their disgust over their foolishness. It proved to be a miserable union.

A justice of the peace of Council Bluffs once performed a marriage ceremony, for

quite a lively and positive couple. When asked if she would "take this man as your lawful and wedded husband," the bride responded, "You bet your life, judge, I will." When pronounced man and wife, the bride turned to the justice with a surprised look, and asked, "Is that all there is to the ceremony for two dollars?" She evidently expected a long ceremony and a big reception, banquet and presents thrown in.

In Massachusetts, in 1878, there were six hundred divorces, or one in every twenty-one marriages; Vermont one to every fourteen; Rhode Island one to every eleven; Connecticut one to seventeen. The figures are for legal divorces obtained, while the number of those couples who were self-divorced, or who lived a cat-and-dog life, would reduce the number of happy marriages to less than sixty to the one hundred. If we could have correct data to refer to, we presume we should find that the great majority entered into the marriage relation with little or no real personal acquaintance. The sixty thousand surplus females over the males in Massachusetts may have had something to do with hasty marriages, and the equally hasty divorces in that State.

Any young man who is not willing to consult with his mother or sister on so important a matter, will stand a good chance

of making an unfortunate alliance. Your mother or sister is better qualified than you to judge of a young lady's capabilities, and whether she has those traits of character and habits that would probably conduce to a happy union. If you refuse all advice, you cannot expect to receive any sympathy, should you make an unfortunate alliance.

The best way for every young man is to "go slow" and consider well each move he makes towards a union for life. Nevertheless there have been and are to-day some remarkable instances of that perfect unity in marriage which is stronger than death.

THE KIND OF GIRL TO CHOOSE.

"The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large and pure and womanly. When you see it, you wonder if those things which are so showy outside were really women. If you gain the love of the right girl, your thousands are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage, or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no lofty magnifico to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such

a welcome when you come home that you'll think the parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how little real happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you are a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

"Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, 'I can't afford to marry.' Go find the true woman, and be sure she can be found. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and choose your wife in a sensible way."—*Holmes.*

SOME OF THE EVIDENCES OF CONJUGAL FELICITY.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—*Goethe.*

To Adam Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is paradise.—*Hare.*

The best way to judge of the happiness that has existed in a famiy is to see, when dissolved by death, how the husband has willed his property, or how the wife has disposed of hers. It is an unerring guide; as, for instance, the husband dies, willing all his property to his wife; making her the

sole executrix of his estate without bonds. Another leaves a small pittance to be doled out to his wife so long as she remains "his widow," but in the event of marriage, she is "cut off" from any further support. We know a gentleman who was not possessed of this world's goods, but his wife had a competence. She died, not leaving him a cent.

We know of a gentleman who married a young lady, and died, leaving all his wealth to her, though she had not a child to care for. It was a fortune which she could not well spend during the remainder of her life, yet she has not found time to have a suitable monument placed over his grave. She has had time to visit Europe several times, spending two or three years abroad. She is, no doubt, waiting for a new style of monument. Powers, Mills, Harriet Hosmer, or Vinne Ream, are altogether too feeble in their conceptions of what is appropriate for tokens of buried hopes. She has had no time to care for the grave. Nature has had all the care. She has wasted no time on tear-drops, or in its decoration. She has had time, however, to marry a second husband, and if we can read human nature, we think he has by this time found out just what virtues his predecessor possessed, and what would be a suitable epitaph for the monument, if it is

ever erected. He probably has also learned that his name would be a lasting disgrace beside "my first husband," who was a good and true man.

Look at another example: Mr. C. died, leaving no child, but bequeathing all his fortune to his wife. For ten long years, every day in the year, she visited the grave of her husband, if the weather was suitable, or her health would allow of it. Her loving hands were ever busy beautifying the lot. Costly improvements were continually being made. Some new improvements were constantly under contemplation.

The restriction by will of the widow, should she marry, exhibits a very ungenerous spirit under the most charitable conclusion, and indicates that there has been little happiness between man and wife. Contrast it with an instance of this kind: The wife was dying, she called her husband to the bedside, and said, "Albert, you have been a good husband to me; have given me a beautiful home, better than I ever expected or deserved; you will miss me, the children will miss me, and you will be lonely when I am gone. The children will need some one to care for them, and when the proper time comes, I want you to marry again, to find some one to fill my place. It will be better for you; better for the children. There is my sister Alice, or

my dear friend Laura Adams, either one will make you a good companion. Promise me you will do as I wish, and I shall die happy. If spirits are allowed to visit their friends, I will come to you and be your guardian angel. Do not put it off too long. When the wild flowers blossom over my grave, and the time of the singing of the birds has come again, it will be time to think of it. Kiss me once more—you need not speak, I know it will be well. Good-bye."

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yes, even the farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.—*Addison.*

We were recently in the city of Galveston, Texas, and visited the resting-place of the dead. There were no graves there, but tombs were built upon the surface of the ground. We stopped in front of one of these tombs, of fine architectural design, built of beautiful marble, which the master-hand of an artist had skilfully worked out. Thousands of dollars had been expended upon it. The door was a single slab of Italian marble, in the centre of which was placed a panel of glass, exposing the interior to view from the outside. Through the centre of the tomb extended a hall, or

passage-way, on either side of which were recesses for the reception of caskets containing the dead. Suspended from the centre of the hallway hung a basket filled with the choicest of flowers. The rays of the sun lighted up the interior, dispelling all gloom. It was the palace-tomb of a beloved wife, erected by a sorrow-stricken husband. Her memory was there cherished by loving tokens of fresh and fragrant flowers daily brought and placed in the basket.

We were acquainted with a gentleman in the State of Pennsylvania, who buried his wife some years ago, and it was impossible to be with him for an hour without his alluding to his great loss. He had been a man of active business habits, and for years before his wife died, she, if well, always went with him wherever his business called him. A happier couple probably could not be found anywhere.

Instances are numerous where a couple have lived together fifty or sixty years, and when one has died the other has followed soon after, sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in a day, and frequently in less than a week, so closely were the ties of affection entwined around their hearts. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

"One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit-land—
Darling, which one?

"One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?

"One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?

"One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may first be done—
Which one?"

Whoever marries for money may rest assured it will not guarantee a happy home. A young lady in Chicago, when asked by the officiating minister, "Will you love, honor, and obey this man as your husband, and be to him a true wife?" said plainly, "Yes, if he does what he promised to me, financially." Love didn't make that match. Love does not require any bargain. Love

ignores all conditions. "Confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate."

"Wanted—a hand to hold my own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted—an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

"Wanted—a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free,
To take its straight and onward pace,
Over life's path with me.

"Wanted—a form erect and high,
A head above my own;
So much that I might walk beneath
It's shadows o'er me thrown.

"Wanted—an eye within whose depths
Mine own might look, and see
Uprising from a guileless heart,
O'erflown with love for me.

"Wanted—a lip, whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

"Wanted—a true, religious soul,
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to heaven."

What can express true love better than the following?

"For whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me,

and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

If the Arab tradition be true, a person living single is only one-half of a complete being, and such persons cannot enjoy more than one-half of what there is to enjoy in a happy union. If to live single is for the best good of man, why was Eve created as a companion to Adam? To live single, voluntarily, is to question the edict of the Almighty, when He said, "It is not good that man should be alone."

"How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed intc the humblest home."

NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLES.

Of newly-married couples, the *Golden Age* has this to say:

"It is the happiest, most virtuous state of society in which the husband and wife set out together, and with perfect sympathy of soul, graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations, and desires with reference to their present means and to their future and common interests.

"Nothing delights man more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young people, who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge and industry, joined heart and hand, and engaged to share together the

responsibilities, duties, interests, trials, and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, while perhaps the little darling sits prattling on the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle, and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands, and the best of fathers, when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise.

But to see her was to love her, love but her, and love forever.—*Burns.*

"This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists—and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is a lot that is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, promoting vice; destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and

it promotes inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by men who have fortunes and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part, and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a 'helpmeet,' but a a 'help-eat.'"

"IN YE OLDEN TIME."

The early settlers of Haverhill, Massachusetts, denied the right of any man to live alone, even if he chose to do so. Old bachelors couldn't do as they pleased then, in Haverhill, and the court went for them roughly. Here is the record: "This court being informed that John Littlehale liveth alone, in a house by himself, contrary to the law of the country, whereby he is subject to much sin," etc. So John was allowed six weeks to remove to "some orderly family." But John was an incorrigible old bachelor, and wouldn't give up his way of living in single blessedness until forty-four years afterwards, when he married, and then probably found out how big a fool he had persistently been for forty-four years, at least. But they did worse than that to old maids—they hung some of them for witches.

Ministers in those days were not so prostrated with their church services, as a presiding elder of the African Methodist Epis-

copal church in Georgia was recently, when, at the close of a quarterly meeting, a couple presented themselves for marriage, he said to them, "Go away and wait until I come again; I am too tired to marry you now." No doubt he felt weaker than Oliver Wendell Holmes said he should be, when he answered a lecture committee thus: "The state of my health is such that if I should deliver my lecture before your lyceum, I would be so weak when I got through, that if you should tender me a fifty dollar bank-note I wouldn't have strength enough left to refuse it."

Perhaps we have overdrawn the picture a little, and made it too sombre; yet no doubt, after all we have said, some young man will not heed our suggestions, and rush recklessly into the bonds of matrimony! "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

Do not suppose that every home is destitute of happiness. There are hundreds, thousands, of happy, very happy homes, where love reigns supreme. It does not require a stately mansion, elegant furniture, plenty of servants, horses and carriages, and magnificent leisure, to make a happy home.

Gold does not satisfy love; it must be paid in its own coin.—*Madame Deluzy.*

THERE IS NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR MAN.

"I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler, or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for house-keeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garment, house, and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."—*Dr. Holmes.*

"Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller,

or better in heaven and earth, because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things."—*Thomas áKempis.*

Blest be LOVE, to whom we owe
All that's bright and fair below;
Song was cold and painting dim,
Till song and painting learned from him.
—*Thomas Moore.*

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.
—*Whittier's Maud Muller.*

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore;
And her *yes*, once said to you,
Shall be YES for evermore.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A SONG FOR THE "HEARTH AND HOME."

Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea;
Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,
Wife at my side and my baby on knee.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom and Love is the king!

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer and onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom and Love is the king!

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
  Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
  Fighting the shadows that over us roll.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom and Love is the king!

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
  Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
  Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom and Love is the king!

—Rev. William Rankin Duryea.

THE MAGNITUDE OF TRIFLES.

We must learn to infuse sublimity into trifles. That is power.—*Millet.*

Trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character.—*Tupper.*

One of the prime causes of failure is the ignoring of small things in detail; the insignificant matters as they are styled. The forgetting or neglecting to dot an "i" or cross a "t" has swept away fortunes. The failure to close a door or to turn a key has laid great blocks of buildings in ashes, causing not only the loss of the property, but throwing hundreds of poor people out of employment. The old story of the loss of the nail from the shoe of the horse, where horse, rider, and battle were lost, is true, in fact, in a thousand ways. It is the grain of sand that turns the scale. It is the ounces that make the pounds, and the pounds that make the tons; the cents that make the dollars, and the dollars that make the fortunes. A flake of snow comes sailing gracefully down —"the beautiful snow." A breath will dissolve the falling flake into a drop, causing it to weep. Another and another of the tiny little white-winged messengers fall upon the ground, and in a little while everything is mantled in snowy drapery.

How gracefully it sits upon the trees, hiding unsightly objects with its snowy whiteness. A charming sight! Look at a flake under a glass. What artist can design so unique a pattern? It is perfection. They keep coming. The winged messengers are light as feathers. They drop upon the roofs of all the buildings, each little flake adding its mite. Happy children! They lie down close together in their downy bed. No quarreling, as silently they take their places, adding slowly to the weight, until down goes the roof upon the worshipers below, and scores are crushed to death. Many people are crippled for life by the "beautiful snow," that came so noiselessly down and rested upon the roof.

The iron horse sweeps through the fleecy whiteness, whirling and crushing the beautiful crystals under its heavy wheels. It laughs to see them light upon its hot boiler, and dissolve in tears. They come down all the same, and cover the track. The iron horse begins to tire, as the snow packs around the rails, and from a forty-mile pace it comes down to twenty, to ten, to one, to a dead stop. It is "snow-bound," and can go neither forward nor backward. It snorts and puffs and blows, but it cannot move. The snow has bound it fast; it is a prisoner. So silently and imperceptibly influences for good or evil gather

around one's footsteps. Only by watching closely the pathway can we know whither they are leading us.

TRIFLES—LITTLE THINGS.

There is nothing insignificant—nothing.
—Coleridge.

What mighty contests rise from trivial things!
—Pope.

Trifles lighter than air turn the scales for weal or woe, deciding the destinies of nations and of individuals. The greatest events in the world's history turned on the smallest pivot. There are no such things as little things, or little moments, when weighed in the scales of mighty possibilities. The briefest point of time marked by the ticking of the clock is fraught with momentous consequences, and there are often crowded into one of those brief spaces of time the greatest events of the world's history. It is but yes or no that sheathes the sword or draws it, to deluge the world in blood. It was but the falling of a tear-drop that made Washington the father of his country, the first president of the United States. It is but the moving of a lever a few inches that saves a train from a plunge into the abyss. It is only the breaking of a hair-spring in a conductor's or engineer's watch, but the stopping of that watch is the cause of two crowded express trains,

under fearful headway, coming together; an awful wreck results—the wounded and the dying fill the air with their wails of pain and anguish. The effect of the breaking of so small a thing as the hair-spring of a watch, is felt around the world; tears and sorrow darken scores of happy homes, mourning for the loved ones who are never to return; happy families are scattered to meet no more, and tender feet must travel life's rough journey alone, in sorrow's darkening pathway.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

The morning after the great fire that laid Chicago in ashes, we walked amid the ruins of palatial residences, elegant churches, stately hotels, and the great blocks of the merchant princes, viewing the desolation. Here and there a tall column or chimney stood in solemn solitude —monuments of departed glory and blasted hopes. Streets were blocked and made impassable by the debris. It baffled all description. Desolation and ruin reigned supreme. At night the scene changed. The blackness and darkness were lighted as by ten thousand camp-fires, blazing from ten thousand cellars, from coal that had been laid in for winter; while on the wharves acres of anthracite coal were one living mass of fire, casting a

weird and ghostly glare that was hideous to behold. This terrible calamity, the burning up of twenty-one hundred acres of costly business blocks and happy homes, all came from the burning of a little cow-stable, fired by a cow kicking over a lamp. One little match lighted the lamp. Several hundred million dollars worth of property was consumed, many lives were lost in the conflagration, and hundreds died from the terrible ordeal through which they passed. Thousands of happy homes were broken up and ruined. Business men —men who had made their fortunes and retired to spend their days in quiet enjoyment of delightful homes, were ruined, made penniless and dependent on charity for bread and shelter. Broken-hearted, some became insane; others committed suicide. This awful calamity was the result of firing a single match! Whisky lighted the match. Friends from the "old country" must be entertained; a milk-punch must be made, and Mother O'Leary's cow must furnish the milk; and the cow was waited upon. New hands attempted to do the milking; the cow objected, and let her heels fly, and the lamp was broken. A match, a stroke of the hand, so little a thing, a flash, and it is done. What possibilities are crowded into a single beat of the pendulum.

A CITY DESTROYED.

Many years ago a stout wall or dyke was built on the coast of Holland to keep out the sea from the low lands, which became the homes of happy families and industrious farmers. A city was built there. Everybody dwelt apparently in perfect security. Suddenly the dyke gave way, and the sea rolled in upon the farmers, quickly swallowing up their lands and homes. The waves rolled against the city. Great blocks of buildings went down before their resistless fury. Every succeeding wave rose higher and higher, accumulating greater power as it rolled on. What one-half hour before were beautiful fields of waving grain, happy homes, the thronged streets and crowded market-places of a great city suddenly became the home of the sea. The noise and bustle of the city were hushed into silence. As the great waves rolled on in their grandeur, they chanted a requiem over the dead buried beneath their waters, in the deep diapason of old ocean. The low, sad wail of woe was wafted landward, over hill and dale, and the mantle of mourning was seen everywhere in Holland. For a century tears ceased not to fall over buried hopes and bright anticipations, for a morrow that came not. And why this awful calamity? A little animal—

a muskrat—digs a hole in the dyke, and the water follows it and trickles through the dyke. A handful of clay would have closed it up. It increases in size by the wearing of the water. Nobody is alarmed; no attention is paid to it. By and by the tide rolls in; the dyke yields to the pressure, and the little hole of the muskrat becomes an immense gateway to let the floods in upon the careless inhabitants. Too late they awake from their sleepy lethargy.

"Temples, towers, and domes of many stories,
There lie buried in an ocean grave,
Undescribed, save when the golden glories
Gleam at sunset through the lighted wave."

It was but a little thing that opened the way for the sea. It is but a little thing that turns a young man from the right to the wrong. It is but a little word, a little deed, at the right or the wrong time, that leads on to momentous results for good or evil. The great scales turn on a very small pivot; great events hinge upon the tick of the watch, the swing of the pendulum.

FOURTH OF JULY TIME.

The city of Portland, Maine, was visited by a most disastrous fire on one Fourth of July. A little boy lights a fire-cracker, gives it a "send-off," and it falls upon the roof of a house. The wind fans it into a

blaze; it burns the house; the wind drives the sparks to adjoining houses, setting them on fire. The wind increases, and sweeps the fire along furiously; it leaps from house to house, from street to street, until a great portion of the city is in ashes. The glorious Fourth ends in a night of sadness, of sorrow, of desolation, and death. Hundreds of happy homes and happy families are ruined. The effect of that little boy's fun was felt that day and to-day, and will be felt for all time. It killed the brightest hopes of thousands, took from them their property, their all. Happy families were broken up—some of the members carried to their last resting-places; others were left to linger in pain and sorrow, while some became insane and went to the State asylum, raving maniacs, and some committed suicide. One little act of one little boy with one little fire-cracker and one little match, set in motion a tremendous train of events. What are trifles when weighed in the scales of mighty possibilities? The least divergence of a millionth part of an inch at the outset may lead to infinite separation in the end.

A worm is a trifle when compared with a lion or a whale, yet it has sunk many a ship with its little auger. The little insect that builds the coral reefs on the bottom of the ocean is possessed of but little physical

strength. Yet it works on until it forms a sea-wall over which the great ships cannot sail, and many have been lost by running on these reefs.

A lame man was walking in Pittsburg one day, when the walks were slippery, and he fell, and his hat rolled along the sidewalk. A boy came along and gave it a kick, sending it out into the street. Another boy came along, helped the poor man up, picked up his hat, and assisted him to his hotel. He asked the boy his name, and thanked him for his kindness and assistance. One day, about a month after, there came a draft for one thousand dollars for the boy who didn't kick the lame man's hat. It was a little thing, but it paid.

The creating of a thousand forests is in one acorn.—*Emerson.*

It has been calculated that if a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains in one year's growth, and these and succeeding crops be counted, and yield proportionately, the produce of the twelfth year would suffice to supply all the inhabitants of the earth for a life-time. In twelve years the single grain will have multiplied itself 244,140,625,000,000 times.

A grain of sand leads to the fall of a mountain, when the moment has come for the mountain to fall.—*Ernest Renan.*

DISCOVERY OF STEAM.

About one hundred and thirty years ago a little boy came in from play, and sat down on a bench in the chimney-corner of his mother's kitchen, "tired and hungry." While waiting and watching his mother prepare the supper, his attention was attracted to the singing of the tea-kettle, which hung on the crane over the fire in the old-fashioned fire-place. Soon the water within was boiling, and hot steam poured out of the nose of the kettle. As the water became hotter, it generated steam faster than it could escape out of the nose, and it forced up the lid and kept it dancing to the music of the escaping vapor as it rose and fell. Soon the supper was ready, and all the family, except the little boy, were seated at the table and had commenced eating.

Several times the mother had called her little boy to "come to supper, Jimmy," but Jimmy did not come, and she wondered why he did not, when he was so tired and hungry. Quietly she left the table, and stepped to the kitchen door, which was standing ajar, and looked in to see what "that boy was up to." He was still sitting on the bench spell-bound watching the "steaming kettle" and its "dancing lid." His inquisitive mind was trying to solve

the reason why the tea-kettle lid should keep "hopping up and down." He solved the mystery by discovering that it was from the power that was in the steam. He was the first one to "harness up" this new-found power, and bid it to "turn the wheel;" and from that day to this it has not refused to obey the order with alacrity.

So to that little boy, James Watt, sitting on a bench in the chimney-corner, waiting for his supper, the world is indebted for the discovery of the power there is in steam. And what a mighty power! Think what a change there would be in the world if the power of steam were lost! Every wheel, every shaft, every spindle now driven by steam would come to a standstill; the hum of the manufactories of the world would be hushed into silence; millions of people would be thrown out of employment, millions would be driven to starvation, to death. A greater calamity it is hardly possible to conceive.

Steam not only affords employment to a host of people, but it is a great civilizer of nations; it is the world's best educator. Wherever goes the "steam wagon," there go with it light and intelligence, dispelling the ignorance and superstition of the darker ages

ELECTRICITY—ITS POWER.

Dr. Franklin sent up his little silk kite to the clouds, while a thunder-storm was passing over the city of Philadelphia. A frail string held the kite under his control. He placed a door-key on the string, and with that key he unlocked the doors to a new world—the world of electricity—and he left them unlocked. Dr. Morse was anxious to explore this new world, and to become acquainted with its elements. He soon analyzed its peculiarities—its skill to "play upon the wires," its willingness to become a very obedient servant, and he "harnessed up the lightning." He invented an automatic machine, which recorded each pulsation as it ran to and fro upon its course. It became the swift messenger of thought, and wires now encircle the globe and swift as the lightning's flash, send tidings around the world. To Professors Gray, Bell, and Edison is accredited the honor of making it "talk," not in one language only, but with equal fluency, in any language that may be used. It is a ready messenger for all, at all seasons, anywhere—over trackless deserts, over mountains, or under oceans. Neither heat nor cold impedes its flight. It never grows weary.

The telephone is the "mystery of mys-

teries." How the voice sweeps along the wire, through storm and tempest, passing by all the babel and noise of a great city, and yet does not lose its way or become confused or unrecognizable as it enters a quiet home, is to us incomprehensible. Electricity, instead of being a dreaded foe to mankind, has proved to be our best friend and servant—one with which we cannot dispense. It may have in store for us still greater good yet undeveloped. It is to be the great illuminator, to light up the darkest night into the dazzling brilliancy of the sun in its strength. It is invaluable as a remedial agent.

Yet the greatest marvel is still to come. The telephone permits us to converse with friends hundreds of miles away, but the newly-discovered diaphone brings friends face to face, so that we can not only hear their voices, but see them as well. It is too incredible to believe, but the fact is nevertheless affirmed. What would Franklin and Morse say, could they return to earth and see what wonderful advances have been made in the uses and appliances of electricity since they left the world? And yet how insignificant were the appliances by which Dr. Franklin obtained a practical demonstration of the adaptability of this marvelous agent to become so willing a servant to man. How immense is the

wealth it has added to the world's assets! It is abundant, it pervades all space, and is free as the mountain air. Speculators cannot get up "a corner" on lightning. They can patent as many "harnesses" as they please, but they cannot "chain up" the lightning, or put it under a padlock. Nothing in the forces of nature surpasses electricity in its intrinsic value to the welfare of the human race.

There are no "little things," when linked to the mighty possibilities enveloped in the unknown future. No discovery in nature dwindles away as its secrets are unfolded and revealed to human conception; but each step raises humanity to a greater and grander existence as it is unfolded to our comprehension. So it will be for all time, to all eternity.

In 1866 the emperor of Russia had a narrow escape from assassination as he was about to step into his carriage. An assassin had leveled his revolver at the czar, when his arm was instantly struck up by a serf standing near, and the pistol was discharged in the air. In the evening the serf was brought into the presence of the emperor, and by him informed that he had been elevated to the rank and dignity of a nobleman. It was a trifling thing for the serf to do. but he was magnificently paid by being forever after a Russian nobleman.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true,
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the
daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from
the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory
breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul
from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at
random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the
last.

—*Charles Mackay.*

"*The inspiration of a thought, the magic of a word--how momentous.*"

ACTION! ACTION!! ACTION!!!

Action is the highest perfection and drawing forth of the utmost power, vigor, and activity of man's nature.—*South.*

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—*Lavater.*

"There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many."

Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not act.
—*Sophocles.*

It is action that wins. Action is everything. People dying of *ennui* never accomplish anything, but block up the way of others who are trying to strike out for themselves. We are sick, heart-sick of that class who hang around and grunt, and whine, and do nothing for themselves or anybody else.

The spirit that nerves one up to do his best, in whatever place or avocation he may be engaged, is worthy of the highest praise. To excel, to do a little better to-day than yesterday, is commendable. Hitting the mark counts one ahead. The leap that carries you an inch beyond any previous record, is a mark in your favor. Ambition to do good, to develop one's talents to their utmost capacity, is praiseworthy. Ambition controlled by right motives never harms any one. Linked to patriotism, it makes heroes and martyrs. What a noble example in Admiral Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay, when he ascended the rigging, and was lashed to the mast, there to remain until the battle was lost or won! What courage it must have inspired in his men on deck to see their commander above them exposed to the sharp-shooters of the enemy, with no chance to shield himself or escape! He was there to direct the battle and face the deadly fire of the enemy. If his vessel went down, he must go down with it.

A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

EXAMPLES OF HEROISM.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

There are heroes in evil as well as in good.
—*Rochefaucauld.*

The Vendome column of Paris was erected by the French government in honor of Napoleon Bonaparte. Twelve hundred cannon, captured from the Austrians, were melted down to form a spiral relief which wreathed the column from top to bottom, portraying the scenes, and giving the names of the great battles won by the emperor. Upon its top was placed a statue of Napoleon in Roman costume. Many times since its first erection has the statue been thrown down, and as often replaced, until in 1875 the column was blown into fragments by the French people, who had learned to look upon it with derision. Time had wrought such changes in the hearts of the French that they could no longer look with complacency upon a monument erected to commemorate the name and fame of a despot, whose boundless ambition trampled upon human rights without mercy, and lowered in the dust the high and low, regardless of creed or nationality, if they stood in the way of his individual advancement. The heartlessness of this man seems incredible. That he should cruelly drive from him his beau-

tiful and accomplished wife, Josephine, as lovely a woman as ever graced the palace halls of the Tuileries, is something beyond comprehension. No language seems adequate to express condemnation for such an act. Yet his life was but a repetition of similar deeds of cruelty. Who but Napoleon could have condemned to death a soldier who finished and sealed a letter to his wife after the time of night when lights were ordered to be extinguished, and who, when detected, was compelled to break the seal and to insert these words as a postscript: "I die to-morrow at sunrise, for disobedience of orders"? Such men, fortunately, are rare in these days; yet Napoleon's inordinate ambition, which impelled him to exercise such inhumanity, has its counterpart in every age; and even in our own times men equally ambitious, and equally ready to level all before them to subserve their own selfish purposes, may be found in every community.

We insert the following stanzas from Bryan's poem on "Napoleon," which most graphically portray the life and character of the world's greatest tyrant, controlled by an unholy ambition:

'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And armed with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing,
So abject—yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

* * * * * * * *

And Earth has spilled her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! may we hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
O, ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain;
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain.
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again;
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away;
But yet methought the living great
Some higher spark should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

* * * * * * * *

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.—*Longfellow.*

No pain, no palm ; no thorn, no throne ; no gall, no glory ; no cross, no crown.—*William Penn.*

When the Crimean war was in progress, there was wafted westward across the continent to England, a wail of woe and distress, such as was never heard before by any civilized people. It came from her sick and wounded soldiers, as they lay uncared for on the battle-field. There were no hospitals, no hospital supplies, no nurses, and the poor soldiers were dying from sheer and cruel neglect. England was alarmed, as the ranks of her army were melting away by the fearful mortality among her troops. The sad wail, and the moans of the sick and dying, were heard by a highly accomplished young lady in her home of luxury and refinement where she was surrounded by every comfort wealth could command, or loving friends could devise. Instantly she responded to the call of the suffering and dying soldiers on the field of battle. Enlisting two hundred assistants, she bade adieu to her happy home and loving friends, and with alacrity hurried to the field of carnage and death, where shot and shell had done their cruel work. At the sight of the awful scenes in that "valley

of death," she faltered not. The ghastly dead, the mangled and shattered wrecks of the human form—made so by the death-dealing missiles of the enemy, had no terrors that could affright her, when duty and humanity called. The terrible suffering of the sick and wounded, the agonizing cries of those who had passed beyond the reach of human aid, brought to her view scenes never to be forgotten. The sickening stench of decomposing bodies only added to the horrors of the situation. It was enough to appall the stoutest heart and destroy nerves of iron. She went among the dead to find the living—kneeling down amid corpses to administer relief, with all the tenderness of a mother's love or a sister's devotion to some poor soldier who had fallen among the dead. The rough dragoon, or the young drummer-boy, some mother's darling, received alike her utmost care and attention.

"Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig never raised themselves and their class to the level of the clever and competent nurses who now come to us in our sickness. It was reserved for a gentlewoman, Florence Nightingale, to do this. But when she startled the world by her self-denial, courage, and ability, other women, as well born and delicately nurtured, soon stepped

into the gaps where they were so greatly needed. The 'craze,' as it was first called, never died out, and to that one woman we owe our present valuable trained nurses and sisters."—*M. E. Soyer, in the London Standard.*

Hundreds, thousands, lived to bless the name of Florence Nightingale. No monument is needed to immortalize her name. Her memory will be held in grateful remembrance long after the name of Napoleon shall have been forgotten. Her labors were not passed by unrewarded. A gift of fifty thousand pounds was made to her as a slight testimonial of her invaluable services. But her last noble act was the crowning glory of a beautiful life: she gave the entire sum given her to the founding of an institution for the education and training of nurses. She sacrificed every comfort, a delightful home and its enjoyments, her health and all the pleasures of life, that others might live, rescued from the very jaws of death on the battle-fields of Inkermann and Balaklava. Look at her life-work, and compare it with Napoleon's. Which of the two was the nobler?

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

A steamer on Lake Michigan, crowded with passengers, caught fire, and while every effort was being made to extinguish

the flames, the captain ordered the pilot to head for land, and to "hold fast to the helm." The fire was soon past all control. The passengers were terrified, as the flames were consuming all before them, and driving them into closer quarters. The only hope for them was in the pilot's being able to remain at his post, and the engines continuing to work until land was reached. Flame and smoke enveloped the pilot-house, hiding the pilot from view. Every few moments the captain would call out to the pilot, "John, are you there?" Every time came back the response, "Aye, aye, sir." The wildest excitement distracted the passengers. The intense heat was narrowing down their chances of reaching land, which was their only hope of escaping a terrible death by fire or water. Again the captain called to the pilot to know if he was there, and "Aye, aye, sir," was heard above the roar of the flames. The captain asked, "Can you hold on five minutes longer?" The answer came back, "By the help of God, I will try, sir." As the last passenger took the gang-plank and was safely on shore, the heroic spirit of John Maynard went heavenward.

A watchman on a draw-bridge knew that the express train was coming around the curve, just as his little boy had fallen from his side into the boiling current below.

Should he save his child or save the train and its living freight, were the alternative presented to him for immediate decision. The boy was struggling in the water, and calling to his father for help; a moment more and the oncoming train will be thrown into the river, if the bridge is not closed. The watchman swings the bolts that move the draw; the train with its hundreds of passengers rushes on just as it closes, and is saved. The father looks for his boy, but he is gone—a sacrifice to duty. What more sublime instance of true heroism than this can be found?

In a village upon one side of the Alps lived a little crippled boy, by the name of Fritz. One day the villagers went out from their homes for a picnic. Fritz was too lame to go, and therefore he alone out of all the villagers remained at home. When the picnickers were in the height of their enjoyment, it was discovered that a "signal fire" had been lighted above their village, which was the usual signal that an enemy was approaching. The villagers hastened back to the village just in time to save their homes from spoliation. The mystery to them was, who could have "fired the pile." Fritz was missing from his home. The people searched everywhere for him, and at last he was discovered near the burning pile, dead; killed by

the invading horde, in revenge for having discovered their approach and given the alarm. On his hands and knees he had crawled up the mountain side and lighted the signal fire. Was not he a greater hero than Napoleon Bonaparte?

A TRUE HERO.

The city of Marseilles, in France, was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it that it caused parents to forsake children, and children forgot their obligations to their own parents. The city became as a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through its streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing and as they met one day to talk over the matter and see if something could not be done to prevent this great destruction of life, it was decided that nothing could be effected without dissecting a corpse in order to find out the mysterious character of the disease. All agreed upon the need, but all knew that the man who did the work would contract the disease and die. Who would dare be the victim? There was a dead pause. Suddenly one of the most celebrated physicians, a man in the prime of life, rose from his seat and said, "Be it so; I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this

numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He immediately left the room, and as he was rich, he made a will, and spent the night in religious exercises. During the day a man had died of the plague in his house, and at daybreak on the following morning the physician, whose name was Guyon, entered the room, and critically made the necessary examinations, writing down all his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a quiet place, where he died in twelve hours. Was not this a true hero? While we all admire the bravery which appears on the battle-field, let us not forget that there is opportunity also for the heroic in other places.

In the city of Paris, several men were at work on a scaffold, many feet above the pavement. Suddenly the scaffold broke, and all but two of the men were dashed to pieces on the pavement below. These two men had caught hold of a ledge, and before they could be rescued from their perilous position, the ledge began to weaken. It would not bear the weight of both. One man said to the other, "I have several small

children dependent on me for support; you let go." The young man says, "Is that so?" "Yes," said the elder man. The young man let go; and that night there was joy in one household when "father came home."

FRANK HAMILTON'S TRAGIC DEATH.

A fire broke out one night in a large block, and in a short time the whole building was enveloped in flames. After it had been abandoned, and the goods that could not be removed left to the flames, what was the horror of the spectators to see a young man rush past and run up a flight of stairs, amid fire and smoke, while the walls were already tottering on their foundation, ready to fall in a moment. The impression was that it was for a suicidal purpose that the young man rushed into the burning building. In a moment or two he was seen coming down stairs with a little tin trunk in one hand, with his clothes on fire and his hair burned from his head. "What a fool," said one, "to jeopardize his life for that box, even were it full of gold." The young man had not got a safe distance when the building fell. He also fell, overcome with the excitement and unable to speak. The crowd gathered around him, and he was recognized as Frank Hamilton. They took him up in their arms and bore

him tenderly to his home. All the while his right hand clutched firmly the handle of the box, and could not be unclasped. The only words he spoke were, "I save my rep——," and died. It was six months before the mysterious words, the unfinished sentence, could be completed, and how the five hundred dollars in the tin trunk came to be in his possession. Frank was a student in Mr. Lowe's law office. Mr. Lowe was away the day of the fire. Frank was alone in the office, engaged in copying some court papers, which had to be completed that night. Soon after he opened the office a gentleman, a client of Mr. Lowe's, came up stairs hurriedly, and inquired for Mr. Lowe, and learning he was away, said to Frank, "You can do the business for me just as well. I have a note of five hundred dollars due to-morrow at the bank. As to-morrow is Sunday, it must be paid to-day. Here is the money, and when the bank opens please pay the note, and hold it until I return. I am on my way to Boston by the first train, and am to sail for Liverpool at 12 o'clock. Good-bye." It is supposed that Frank, in his anxiety to have the papers completed before Mr. Lowe's return, forgot all about the note and money until he heard the alarm of fire. Then remembering the money was locked up in the office instead of the bank where

he was to have deposited it, he made the daring endeavor to save it, or die in the attempt, so that his reputation should not be tarnished by a breath of suspicion. He died a hero—a martyr—went down to his grave with a reputation unsullied. Overwork explained his apparent forgetfulness of the note and money entrusted to his care. He willingly put his life in the balance to correct the mistake. The remembrance of such noble young men, like Frank Hamilton, who have chosen death to dishonor, will live, while the names of the low and vulgar will rot. Mrs. Hamilton's mind dwelt upon Frank's untimely and tragic death, and the more she grieved and mourned over it, the greater seemed the burden of her sorrow. It was he whose place in the family was afterward filled by James Noxx, whose story is told in a previous article.

If "to be living is sublime," is there not a sublimity in dying when through death the way is opened for a fellow-mortal from the mire to a higher and better life?

SUBLIMITY OF A PURPOSE.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.—*Nevins.*

If we carefully investigate the works of nature, the heavens in their nightly grandeur, the celestial panorama, we are compelled to acknowledge that they are the work of a master hand—a divine Architect, who spake and a world was ushered forth from a night of chaos, and took its place amid that vast system of circling orbs. Every atom of matter is permeated with life, infused with a ceaseless activity. Nothing in this world of created matter is absolutely at rest, dead, or wrapped in an endless stupor, nor even asleep—but every particle of dust beneath our feet is vitalized with a life-giving force, working in perfect harmony with all created matter, accomplishing the will of the Creator and carrying out a purpose complex and incomprehensible to finite minds.

Each particle of matter is an immensity, each leaf a world, each insect an inexplicable compendium.—*Lavater.*

That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny has set down.
—*Hippocrates.*

Yet to man has been held out the "golden sceptre," free, to every one who is

willing to accept of so divine a gift—infinite, endowed with power to put under subjection all the subtle forces of the elements, bidding them pay tribute to his genius. What a field for exploration! How vast, how boundless in resource!—limited only by the domain of the infinite. If it be true that the Creator has thus infused life into all created matter, giving to man such exalted possibilities, rendering him able to subjugate and control all the combined forces of nature, how unworthy is that man who, for a "mess of pottage," sells his birthright to heaven-born privileges, to become a companion of "swine," to satisfy the cravings of hunger with "husks." If, then, the Author of the world and systems of worlds had a plan, a purpose, from the beginning, from the eternity of the past, how vastly greater is it important that finite man should have a well-defined plan, a purpose, on which all his efforts shall converge. Without such a plan or purpose no man can accomplish the best results. Carlyle puts it thus, "A man without a purpose is no man." The sublimity, the exalted position given to man, ought to inspire him to seek the highest good attainable, to make the most of his opportunities, and to be satisfied with nothing less. It is not enough to do as well as some one else has done, or is doing, but we must aim to do

better work to be worthy of any merit. Because our fathers carried a stone in one end of the bag to balance the corn in the other, is no good reason why we should follow their ridiculous practices. The fact that they fell into a rut and followed it like a blind horse in a tread-mill, is one of the best of all reasons why we should get out of it. Every live young man, in dead earnest, must and will strike out for himself—hew out a pathway of his own, and lay his own track.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S WAY OF BUILDING RAILROADS.

The emperor of Russia gave orders to his civil engineer to build a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The route was surveyed, and a diagram was made on a card, and submitted to the emperor for his approval. He glanced at it, and asked, "Why have you made so many crooks and curves in your line? Why have you not made it straight?" The chief engineer replied that it was to accommodate this village and that city along the route. The emperor turned the card over, made a dot for St. Petersburg and another for Moscow. Drawing a straight line from one to the other, he passed the card back to the engineer, and said, "Build the road by that line." Now the only line to success is the

straight line. Settle the question once for all what shall be your purpose, what you propose shall be your life-work. Map out your plan—avoid all crooks and curves. You need no side-tracks, turn-outs, or switches —you need a single track. Every morning test your compass; every night reverse your instrument, and see if you have diverged from the "straight line." Carefully note any variations from the original plan.

INDEPENDENCE.

"I believe neither in idols nor demons; I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul."

Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world.
—*President Porter.*

The great thing for any young man to do is to strike for his freedom; to think and act for himself; to be thoroughly emancipated from the superstitions and prejudices of the past and the present. He should have no side issues and carry no "dead weights." What some one else has done, or is doing, is for them to give an account of, not for him. The only question for him to settle is, "Am I on the right track, the straight line, on time? How does my progress compare with the opportunities within my reach?" The world's advancement has been accomplished only by some one's breaking away

from established customs. The great discoveries of the past were not made by the public, the masses, but often by some obscure individual, isolated from the "best society," who worked out some great problem in the solitude of his humble dwelling; and perhaps, when he was ready to make known to the world his discovery, it would be met with opposition and ridiculed as impracticable—simply the result of some addle-headed, fanatical crank—a crazy idiot.

CRAZY INVENTOR.

De Caux, the inventor, was arrested as being a dangerous person to have his freedom, and consequently was locked up in prison. Yet through the prison bars he held out his model of the first steam engine, imploring the passing throng to stop and listen to his story, to examine his work to see if it looked like the work of a crazy man —a mad man.

"FULTON'S FOLLY."

Robert Fulton built the first steamboat on the Hudson, the "Clermont," and it was called "Fulton's Folly," by those who thought themselves wondrous wise. Although it made a successful trial trip from New York City to Albany and back, yet it was pronounced a failure, and many declared that it could not be made to repeat

the trip. It created consternation and terror among certain classes on its approach. The most terrified besought Providence to protect them from the horrid monster which was marching on the tides and lighting its path by the fires which it vomited. Some of the vessels were run ashore to escape the awful monster. Passengers and crews on board of ships that could not reach the shore in time, hid themselves in the hold to escape the impending doom that seemed to be inevitable. There was one sensible woman, however, a farmer's wife, who happened to step out of her house in the evening as the "Clermont" was passing. Seeing it, she cried out, "Husband! husband! come out here, quick! There is a saw-mill broke loose and it's coming down the river!"

Mr. Fulton, the builder, says, "I never received a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish across my path."

THE WORLD'S MARTYRS.

He who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinions and tastes of others, is a slave.
—*Klopstock.*

Every new discovery in science and art, as well as in religion, has encountered great hostility—the fiercest opposition has been arrayed against all and every noble cause;

and that too by those who verily believed that they were doing "God service." The great apostle in spite of his masterly eloquence, his unanswerable and incontrovertible facts, was pronounced "mad."

"These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

Socrates was condemned to drink the deadly hemlock because he believed in the rights of the "individual conscience;" and taught that the greatest of all knowledge was to "know thyself."

Through fear of innovation Copernicus did not dare denounce the great discovery, which had baffled the savans of the ages. Thirteen long years he kept to himself the profound secret—that the sun was the great centre of a great solar system; that the earth revolved around the sun. He modestly gave it as a mere "hypothesis."

PALISSY, THE POTTER.

Bernard Palissy, the potter, was burdened with a great idea which could only be proved or worked out by a fire test. This he proposed to do, but before the test was completed his fuel was exhausted. His last penny had been spent for wood. Fuel he must have, or his fire would go out, and he would be a ruined man. A thousand times had he experimented, and yet

the secret of the ceramic art was not his. His last trial, his all, was in his oven—and where was the fuel to come from to intensify the heat in his fiery furnace? There was no time to be lost, and without a moment's delay he resolved what to do. He caught up his axe, and as fast as he could reduce his household furniture into kindling-wood it was thrown into the furnace. Every box and chest was sacrificed to the fiery god. Still the work was not completed. Amid the tears and pleadings of his wife and children, the jeers and ridicule of his stupid neighbors, he began cutting his house into fire-wood to feed his furnace. In spite of his rags, his hungry and starving family, in utter despair—poverty-stricken—relentlessly the work of destruction went on. With what intense interest he now watched the glowing heat of his furnace as it became more intensified by fresh supplies of fuel. At last, like magic, he saw the dream of his life realized. Exultantly he exclaimed, "I have got it! I have got it!"

Who would not have felt proud to have stood beside that "crazy old fool" as from his oven he drew forth his five hundred cups and saucers, his bowls and pitchers and beautiful vases, bright and shining, like a new mirror. The enameling process was a success; the ceramic art per-

fected. From that day to this the world has been paying tribute to the genius of a man who had a purpose to accomplish—and who accomplished it.

Yet, for all this, Bernard Palissy died in a felon's cell, for no crime. You who sip your tea and coffee from "French China," think what it cost Bernard Palissy to bring it to perfection.

COLUMBUS.

Columbus was impressed with a sublime idea, and the more he reflected upon it the heavier it weighed upon his mind, and he could not dispel it from his thoughts. It was the burden of his soul night and day. He was anxious to solve this great problem, for he saw unmistakable evidences that there was an "undiscovered country" peopled by an unknown race. He longed to see and tread upon its soil, to know its bounds, its products, its wonders, and its wealth. He wanted to become acquainted with its inhabitants, and to learn their origin, their history. To this end all his energies were concentrated for the accomplishment of this life purpose.

Yet with what indifference and ridicule his theories and deductions were received, not only by the ignorant, but by the best scholars of the age. For twenty long years, was this unsolved problem crowding upon

his thoughts night and day, to him almost overwhelming in its magnitude, yet every day increasing his convictions that his theory was based upon unmistakable facts. Yet what trials and discouragements and disappointments awaited him before he was permitted to sail for that unknown port! Then when his hopes and anticipations were just on the eve of being realized, a rebellious and cowardly crew demanded that he should turn his ships homeward. Probably not one man in a million could have carried to so successful an issue the triumph achieved by Columbus. It was through his indomitable perseverance, and will-power, that no obstacle could impede or block up his way to a final triumph of a well-chosen, well-defined life purpose. Think of the rewards that awaited that grand old hero, robbed at last of his hard-earned laurels and treated like a felon! For all that, the name of Columbus will live when monuments of other heroes shall have crumbled into dust and been scattered to the four winds of heaven.

THE IMPASSABLE BARRIER.

The miner prosecutes his work by the light of a lamp on his cap. If his light goes out, he is compelled to cease work. The man of science prosecutes his investigations, works on until he comes to the con-

clusion that he has exhausted the subject of his research, when, in fact, it is the oil in his lamp that has become exhausted, for he has reached the limit of his powers. Then a new man comes to the front, fresh and vigorous, with his lamp full to the brim, well-trimmed, and burning like a flaming torch. He is prepared to take up the work where the old philosopher left it. Like the standard-bearer, who, when his comrade falls, catches up the falling colors and presses on, supported by the invincible columns that support the advance of each advancing picket line, so the world's progress is carried forward, and the great clock of the ages marks a new epoch in the onward, upward march to a nobler and grander civilization.

The movement of the species is upward, irresistibly upward.—*Bancroft.*

The advance picket lines—the discoverers—are always a long way in advance of the rank and file—the masses. A century intervenes between the front and rear columns. The old philosophers die hard. If any one attempts to pass over their discoveries, they are ready to cry out, "Halt! It's the height of presumption for you, young man, to attempt to go beyond my investigations. I have been fifty years developing and establishing my discoveries

in this one line, which you now propose to question, assuming to set aside or overthrow the labors of a lifetime. I must protest against such assumptions. My advice to you, young man, is that you wait until your crude ideas are toned down a little. It becomes a youth to respect age. When you have seen as many years of service as I have, you will not be quite as fresh and eager to rush into deep water. Better keep near the shore until you can swim."

Great men of all ages—men who are entitled to honor for good and faithful work done—dislike to be reminded of the fact that possibly they have outlived their usefulness. They dread to be compelled to stand aside, to be "laid on the shelf." But there is no help for it. The world started on its sublime march more than six thousand years ago; on its forward movement on that irresistible line of an endless progression, sweeping on down into the vistas of the eternities. It is the irrevocable fiat of Him who "spake and it was done." The universal law of ceaseless activity—progression—went into force on the morning of creation; "let there be light" has never been repealed.

Too many are like the Brahmin who was asked to look at a drop of water through a microscope. Horror of horrors! it was alive! He wanted to examine that "curi-

ous instrument." He asked, "Is there any more in the country like it?" "No; this is the only one." He seized the microscope, and smashed it to pieces on a rock. "You have destroyed my peace of mind forever more." To him "ignorance was bliss."

But the "handwriting is upon the wall." Sooner or later the order will come for those in front to "halt," and the "long march" will be over. We remember reading of only one great man, who, on taking a retrospective view of a long and useful life, could say, in childish simplicity, "It seems to me that, like a child, I have been only at play with the shells along the shore of that great ocean of truth that lay before me all undiscovered." That was the word of that great philosopher Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, who solved the greatest problem of the ages.

OPPOSITION.

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice.
—*Wendell Phillips.*

Every great enterprise has been met with stubborn opposition, and that, too, most frequently from men claiming to be "scientific." When it was proposed to lay an ocean cable, it was at once pronounced a most absurd proposition. "Why every

school-boy knows better." "The idea of laying a telegraph-wire on the ocean's bed is only an illustration of ignorance of the laws of the electrical currents." The projectors had a definite purpose in view, and despite the ridicule that was heaped upon their unscientific act, they proposed to carry out their purpose; and although it required nearly ten years to perfect the system, it was accomplished, and many ocean cables are now required to do the business.

Edison, in his younger days, was studying the laws of electricity—experimenting with some rude appliances, the best he could afford. They were kicked out of doors, and he with them. A great thought had found lodgment in his mind which he could not banish. It must be worked out. The great purpose of his life was to solve some of the hidden mysteries of that subtle fluid. "A boy's thoughts are long, long thoughts." Edison has been experimenting for decades, and he says that "almost every day some wise man rises and calls me a fool."

Despite the ridicule heaped upon him by those who pretend to be "masters" of the laws of electricity, Edison does not swerve one iota, or relax his efforts in the smallest degree, but steadily works on. His life purpose is manifestly well-defined. The world is just beginning to realize that in-

stead of electricity being a deadly enemy to the human race, it is a most obedient servant, when treated intelligently.

Another lesson the world has learned is that to experiment with the subtle fluid is not "tempting Providence." So the name of Edison is added to the illustrious list of the world's benefactors. Millions upon millions of dollars of wealth have been added to the world's assets by his indefatigable labors to a sublime purpose. How numerous are the aspirants, anxious to draw dividends from other men's hard-earned discoveries—to steal their profits and reap the honors. There are those who are always ready to set up "prior claims" —to ante-date their discoveries. As a rule, every inventor has had a mighty struggle to hold his hard-earned laurels. A battle with the elements, to "harness them up" and bid them pay tribute to the genius of man, was nothing in comparison to the conflict with the "pirates,"—the systematic efforts of these "vandals," combined with those who ought to help every man in his philanthropic efforts to bless the human race by every possible labor-saving appliance, instead of persistently trying to crush one who dares to precipitate a revolution in any long-established theory, however antiquated it may be.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE PLANET VULCAN.

The high priest of science, the director of the imperial observatory of Paris, received a letter from a "country doctor," living in a remote rural district, stating that he had discovered the planet Vulcan. This high priest of science lost no time in visiting this unknown astronomer; and this is the way he introduced his business: "Is it you, sir, who pretend to have discovered the intra-mercurial planet, and who has committed the grave offence of keeping your observations secret for nine months? I have to tell you that I come with the intention of exposing your pretensions, and demonstrating your great delusion, if not dishonesty. Where is your chronometer, sir? What! with that old watch, marking only minutes! Do you dare to speak of estimating seconds?"

In spite of the efforts of this high priest of science to crush him, the "country doctor" was decorated with the order of the "Legion of Honor."

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

COMMUNISM.

From the day the first spindle and shuttle were propelled by power, till now, there has been waged a continual and bitter warfare against all labor-saving machines. Millions upon millions of dollars worth of

property has been destroyed by those who are bitterly opposed to any and all improvements that may trench upon their assumed prerogatives. Mills have been burned, mines destroyed, railroads torn up, bridges blown up, and devastation and death have followed and held high carnival where these vandals were in force.

The western farmer is dictated to as to how he shall harvest his grain. "If you cut your wheat with a reaper, we will burn it in the stack." And they have done so repeatedly. Yet, without the modern harvester, it would be impossible to supply the world with bread.

Time and space will allow us to notice but a few of the thousand ways in which every great enterprise has been challenged and fought at every advancing step, not only by the ignorant and vicious, but by men who have styled themselves "liberal." Wendell Phillips has said that every advancement of the world to a higher civilization has been from "scaffold to scaffold, from stake to stake." The world has been deluged in blood at every step upward.

REVOLUTION AMONG THE M. D.'S.

Fifty years ago, the regular practice of medicine was entirely different from the methods of to-day. Bleeding was then the great remedy, drawing from the patient the

best blood that coursed through his veins; and dosing him with calomel, jalap, assa-fœtida, etc. Emetics were freely given, and were never wanting in potency. Blisters from head to foot were not destitute of "power to draw," to the satisfaction of the patient, as they would usually bring him to a "feeling sense" of the desperate situation he was in. When a poor patient was burning up with fever, not a drop of cold water or ice would be allowed the sick man to cool the burning fever within, nor a breath of fresh air from without. A patient who survived such a course of treatment proved that he was blessed with a "powerful constitution." That style of practice was on a par with the way the "medicine man" practices to-day in India. If, after exhausting his ordinary remedies, the patient does not recover from his illness, the "medicine man" goes to the druggist and orders a compound made, embracing a portion of every kind of medicine in his shop. "One hundred and sixty kinds" go into the prescription. If the patient is "to be cured," the right medicine will surely reach his case. But if he dies, it is because "his time has come." Very consoling to his friends, and highly creditable to the "doctor!"

Before the discovery of the circulation of the blood, by Harvey, it was the practice of surgeons in those days, when cutting off

a limb, to use red-hot irons to sear the severed blood-vessels. Such barbarity would not be tolerated in this age. Dr. Jenner was the first to rob small-pox by inoculation of its loathsomeness and horror. After having made the discovery, he continued his investigations for twenty years before announcing it to the public. Yet "it was almost universally denounced by physicians and the clergy, and oftentimes in the severest language." To-day a man who does not believe in the Jenner theory is accounted either a fool or an idiot. Surely the world has advanced in the treatment of the "ills that human flesh is heir to."

"THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE THAT STOOD ON THE HILL."

There was a time when it was a dreadful thing to have a stove in the "meeting-house." The men or women who could not sit comfortably without a fire, on the coldest day in winter, and pay attention to a sermon one hour and forty minutes long, might well question their title to heaven. The "meeting-houses" of those days were not much better than ordinary barns for comfort. A story is told where the majority voted for the "unsanctified stove," against the earnest protest of the minority. The stove was purchased and carried into

the meeting-house. The following Sunday was a bitter cold day. It was not long before there was a commotion among the worshipers. One of the objectors, an ancient maiden lady, had not been long in her seat before she began to feel "dreadfully oppressed." "The heat of that stove is overcoming me." She fainted, and had to be carried out into the fresh air to bring her to. She wanted to be "taken home." "I never can endure that stove." But the joke of it was, that the stove had not been set up for want of pipe.

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.—*W. R. Alger.*

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.—*President Garfield.*

We have said these things to illustrate the importance of having a life purpose, and then to adhere to it with a pertinacity that knows of no compromise, with an inflexible will that knows of no surrender—determined to outride all opposition. To do this you must learn, first of all, to conquer self—the most obstinate and wily antagonist that can oppose your plans.

No conflict is so severe as his who labors to subdue himself.—*Thos. á Kempis.*

The most powerful is he who has himself in his power.—*Seneca.*

"He conquers who conquers himself."

When you have self well disciplined, you will then be prepared to combat the most formidable and relentless foe that may dare to challenge your inalienable right to think and act for yourself—your right to step outside of a beaten track; the right to investigate in or out of prescribed rules and practices laid down by the "standard authorities." But to do this successfully you must prepare for it—for it means work, hard work, year in and year out. There must be no skipping or dodging any task, however uninteresting or disagreeable it may seem.

THE STUDENT.

Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.—*President Garfield.*

One student ignores chemistry—"too dry for me." His comrade says, "I see by the papers that there is not an article of food that has not been successfully adulterated. I want to know what I eat and drink. I want to know how to test all the articles that are in daily use for food, as well as the water I drink. My success in life will depend upon my having a good sound constitution, and that depends in a great measure on what I eat. It will pay me to know this much, I am sure. Then I want to know something about the arts, and unless

I have a knowledge of chemistry I cannot. There is my Uncle John. He is a chemist for one of the great corporations at Lawrence, Massachusetts, and has a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. He says experts get from five to ten thousand dollars a year. I mean to be a good chemist. I have a good teacher, and the time. That's my purpose."

The other replies, "I'll take my chances on getting poisoned. No chemistry for me." Yet a good practical knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy is a greater fortune to a young man than to be President of the United States.

Another classmate says, "What's the use of studying fractions?" and so shuts up his book and passes his time in idleness, letting the golden opportunities pass—hours laden with untold wealth. A capital that might be a fortune is lost, the magnitude of which is not computable by any human arithmetic. His classmate wastes no time in idleness; masters every example he comes to, and is only anxious to find something more difficult. One proposes to do his best; the other to do the least—anything to "kill time." One goes up in the scale, and the other descends. One is faithful to every trust, gaining friends wherever he goes; the other meets with disappointment, and the gulf that separates them is

ever widening—bridgeless, and must forever remain so. "Just my luck," says the purposeless young man, as he sees his former classmate steadily advancing from one position to another with a better salary. "He always was a lucky fellow." Luck! there was no luck about it. Instead of skipping fractions, he was only too happy to wrestle with the most complex. That was why his services were worth five thousand dollars a year to some New York banker; or perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars a year to some great railroad corporation (the present salary of half a dozen railroad presidents in this country). The luck was in being prepared for the position when the vacancy occurred. Good positions do not come by lot, or accident, or chance. Every young man who wills to be a man will be one, and no accident can frustrate his purpose. Luck and chance play no part in the accomplishment of a well-chosen life purpose.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.—*Thomas Malmesbury.*

The mighty possibilities of a successful life are often poised on a very slight pivot. Opportunities of the most momentous consequence are frequently narrowed down to an almost imperceptible point. It is "yes"

or "no" that settles the destiny of many a young man. Opportunities of the greatest magnitude are thus briefly passed upon. Opportunities never to be repeated demand the highest consideration when they come.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.—*Shakspeare.*

THE MYSTERIES OF THE CENTURIES.

Millions of years before the earth was prepared for the habitation of man, nature's great laboratory was at work, working for the accomplishment of a PURPOSE, the importance and magnitude of which far surpass all human computation. Change upon change, transformation after transformation, unseen by mortal vision, goes on, until the final accomplishment of a plan or PURPOSE, inaugurated millions of years before, to meet the demands of civilization, millions of years down the vista of the coming ages. The great mountains become store-houses of an inexhaustible wealth, only waiting for the necessities of man to unlock their doors and bear away the treasures. The mountains "drop fatness." The "red man" of the forest, the "medicine man," is the first to bottle up the fluid from the overflowing fountains. "Seneca oil" was the matchless sanative for all the ills

that afflicted the "red man," and the white man's remedy for "aches and pains." The secret was with the Seneca Indians a century before "kerosene oil" was of any commercial value.

"Black diamonds" were discovered in vast quantities in the mountain fastness—valueless to all human appearance. The genius of man—one man—was on the alert to solve the hidden secrets, the "whys and wherefores." By experimenting he finds these diamonds to be rich in carbon, capable of generating intense heat when "fired." He finds the mountains are one vast store-house of fuel. He invites his friends to witness the demonstration of his theory by a fire test; and although they felt the intense heat as it radiated from the open grate, yet they pronounced it a humbug, and the delineator an imposter. "It's nothing but black stone, and it won't burn without fuel to make it burn." That "black stone" is the anthracite coal of to-day. How marvelous, how grand and sublime the thought, that our homes are made comfortable on a "winter's night" by the warm rays of the sun that fell upon the earth millions of years ago, gathered up and stored away in nature's vast store-house, awaiting our coming! This is one of the unanswerable proofs that there is a Supreme Creator, whose PURPOSES are unfolding each and

every moment of time in this life's mysterious drama.

> Slumber not in the tents of your fathers:
> The world is advancing—advance with it.
> —*Mazzini.*

Yes, the world is advancing. The dawn of the new era has appeared. Its light is beaming from the chambers of the morning, penciling the heavens with its coming glory. The age of barbarism, of caste, of superstition, is passing away into the everlasting night of oblivion, where no resurrection awaits it. They who are in advance, on the mountain top, are the first to welcome its coming and catch the inspiration, and herald in the new era. The great wheels of time are silently moving on in their sublime grandeur, keeping time in unbroken cadences to the "music of the spheres." Each revolution enhances human possibilities, lifting the human race upward to a grander, nobler civilization. We must keep pace with the advance, or be crushed beneath its ponderous wheels. We might as well shut our eyes and say that the sun was blotted from the heavens, as say that he present age has reached or ever will reach the other shore of that illimitable ocean bounded by the infinite. It is as utterly impossible to banish the light of each new era, or circumvent its coming,

as it would be to dam a thousand Niagaras with a bulrush. The great wheels of time cannot be stopped nor reversed. It is the ever-present—that inexorable now—that is stamping the future of the young men of this generation. To-day is the index of your to-morrow. What you are to-day is the index of what you will be to-morrow. The seed you planted yesterday you are reaping the first fruits of now—to-day. The seed-time and harvest are perpetual, unlike the seasons. "What shall the harvest be"—your harvest?

Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.—*George Herbert.*

EXAMPLES OF MEN WHO HAVE LIVED FOR A PURPOSE.

HORACE MAYNARD—SETTING HIS MARK HIGH.

"Soon after the late Horace Maynard entered Amherst College he put on the door of his room a large letter V. Its presence exposed him to questions and ridicule, but paying no attention to either, he kept the letter in its place. At the end of four years graduation day came, and Mr. Maynard was appointed to deliver the valedictory. After having received the compliments of the faculty and students for the honor he had received, Mr. Maynard called the attention of his fellow-graduates to the letter V over the door of his room, and asked if they then understood what it meant. After short reflection, they answered, 'Yes; valedictory.' He replied, 'You are right.' His fellows then asked if he had the valedictory on his mind when he pasted the letter over his door. Mr. Maynard replied, 'Assuredly I had.'"—*Boston Journal.*

JOHNS HOPKINS'S PURPOSE.

"Johns Hopkins commenced business in Baltimore with only four hundred dollars.

With that sum and his own exertions he built up a colossal fortune. He had a purpose at the start, and worked day and night until he had accumulated the means necessary to carry out his magnificent design. The secret of his plans he would not reveal until he had accomplished everything he deemed important in connection therewith. From the beginning he declared that he had a mission from God to increase his store, and that the golden flood which poured into his coffers did not belong to the hundreds who sought to borrow or beg it from him. They called him an 'old miser,' 'old skin-flint,' 'mean,' 'stingy,' and every opprobrious epithet they could think of. But it was all the same to him, for he had a grander use and purpose for his millions than feeding professional beggars. Four millions were given by him to endow a free hospital in Baltimore. Three millions were given to endow the Johns Hopkins University, near Baltimore. He left in all nine millions for these institutions. The unfortunates who may be sick, have a place of refuge, where without money they will be tenderly cared for, while the young men who are seeking an education will be most liberally assisted. Think of the thousands of young men down to the end of time who will reap the benefits of Johns Hopkins' carrying out the

magnificent purpose he had planned early in his business career.

"There is nothing like having a well-devised plan, and then sticking to it, let come what will. No one can engage in any work without incurring opposition. People are selfish, and are ever ready to beg for help, either financially or otherwise, and when they do not obtain it of those they ask, they turn around and ridicule them and call them mean. But no one can succeed if he is to be influenced by every wind that blows. Let no one quail or tremble because of opposition. A little opposition is a good thing."

THE WRECKER.

"Many years ago there lived on the Atlantic coast a man who followed the life of a wrecker. One dark and stormy night he led his horse to a high and rocky cliff overlooking the sea. Tying his lantern to the horse's head, he led him round and round in a circle throughout the night. The winds shrieked and howled, while the roar of the breakers as the waves rolled shoreward and dashed against the rocky cliff was deafening and terrible, even to those safe on shore. But what terror to the poor sailors who might not have reached a harbor of safety, and were held in the cruel arms of the storm-king in his

wrath. All night the storm raged; all that long night the wrecker led his horse around on the circling beat, hoping that the light of his lantern might be seen by some poor sailor on the watch for a haven of safety, who might take bearings from the light of his lantern. Do you suppose it was a beacon light for the sailors, to guide them in their course, to warn them of their close proximity to a dangerous reef, and thus point out the way to avoid being driven upon the rocks? If that had been the man's purpose would not the wrecker have been a noble-hearted man, full of sympathy for the poor tempest-tossed mariner, to thus face a furious storm, keeping his lantern well-trimmed and burning through a fearful tempest, trembling perhaps lest the lantern might go out, or its light grow dim, and not be seen in time; or fearing his strength might fail him before the night would be gone? What if he should hear above the roar of the tempest the piercing wail of some unfortunate, in despair, crying for help? What a night of fearful forebodings would that have been!—and no one but a veteran could have endured such a fearful tempest. But this wrecker had no such tender feelings for the sailor. He was a base wretch, hardened in crime. His light was a false light, hung out not to save, but to deceive, to decoy, to entrap, any

passing ship that might see it, to draw them from their only safe course into the very jaws of death, to be caught by the breakers and driven upon the rocks and dashed to pieces. His stratagem was to counterfeit the revolving lights of the government light-house twenty miles away. In the gray of the morning he peered anxiously out into the misty darkness that hung over the troubled waters. To the joy of his heart, the outline of a stranded wreck appeared amid the breakers. His diabolical plan had worked its purpose only too well. The coveted prize was there. Impatiently he watched it, and waited for the sea to become quiet, that he might gather in the spoils before the wreck went to pieces. On the third day he rowed out in his boat and cautiously approached the ill-fated ship, fearing that the work of death had not been complete. At last he ventured on board, and as he stepped on deck he listened, but all was still as the grave. Stealthily he crept down the cabin stairs, looking into every berth and bunk, fearing he might find some one alive. When he had satisfied himself that he was there alone, the sole possessor of its treasures, he was overjoyed, and with a fiendish delight he went to work gathering up the rich spoils. In his excitement and haste he stumbled over a corpse, and as he fell, his

eye caught sight of a massive gold ring upon the hand of the dead man, as he lay stretched out upon the deck. He lifted up the hand to snatch off the ring, and as he did so the eyes of the dead man seemed to be fixed upon him. He looked at the body, and then at the ring. He discovered a name upon the inside of the latter. He read it, and then looked again at those glaring eyes that could not escape him. He trembled like an aspen, in mortal agony. The prostrate form was that of his own son! He had been absent for several years in a foreign country, and was now on his return home. Just as he was nearing his native land, his boyhood home, he died in sight of it, by the cruel hands of his own father. Choosing a wicked purpose is like a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways."

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

"In the fall of 1880, at Rogers Park station, on the Northwestern Railroad, a few miles north of Chicago, a Mr. Beckler, a printer by trade, was returning home from church, at about nine o'clock on a Sunday evening. A terrific thunder-storm was raging at the time, and the rain was coming down in torrents, the wind blowing a gale—almost a tornado—the flashes of lightning were vivid, while the almost incessant roll of the thunder was awful and

sublime. Just as Mr. Beckler was crossing the railroad track, there came a flash of lightning, and by its intense brilliancy and prolonged duration, he was able to detect at some distance down the track an obstruction, and he went down to see what it was. There had been left standing on the side-track some freight-cars, with brakes firmly set, but by the force of the wind they had been driven down the track to the switch, and the front wheels of the forward car had jumped the track and become imbedded between the ties on the main line. Mr. Beckler lost not a moment's time, but hastened to the residence of the station-agent and aroused him, and they hurried to the station and put out a danger signal as quickly as possible to give warning of the danger to a coming train—which was already past due. The train was an unusually heavy one, and very crowded—many passengers being compelled to stand up. It was also behind time, and running at a speed of not less than fifty miles an hour, and was not to stop at his station.

"Fortunately the engineer observed the signal in time, and thus a fearful catastrophe was averted. The trainmen and the passengers felt a gratitude to Mr. Beckler they could not express in words. The railroad company gave him a life pass over their road, to show that they appreciated

his timely services. Few men at any time would have observed the situation, and how rare would it be to find a duplicate of Mr. Beckler? Who would, on such a night, in such a tempest, have gone one step out of his way for any railroad company, or for any man?

"Compare this action with that of the wrecker. Each had a purpose; one was to wreck, the other to save from wreck. Compare the happiness of each. One dying of remorse, haunted nightly with fearful dreams—the glaring eyes of his son ever fastened on him, and no escaping from the terrible ordeal, the punishment he must endure for that one crime alone. Mr. Beckler will have a life-long satisfaction as he recalls the incidents of that night. The purpose which actuated him and that which actuated the wrecker, as illustrated by these incidents, exhibit the character of each in its true light, and need no comment from us. We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Their aims, how wide apart! Each had a purpose, and was working for its accomplishment."

PETER COOPER, THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

The late Peter Cooper, the great philanthropist, of New York City, presents to young men who think their road a hard one

to travel, an example worthy of careful study, illustrating, as it does, what one earnest young man accomplished for himself and the world. Peter Cooper's early life was one of labor and struggle, as it is with most of our successful men of this country. His educational advantages were limited to a half of each day for a single year. The other half was given to hard work "at the bench" in his father's hat shop. Beyond this very humble instruction his acquisitions were all his own.

At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a carriage maker. It was not long before he began to feel the need of a better education. He longed to find a way whereby his aspirations and hopes might be gratified. In vain he sought to find an institution where he could gain such instruction as he felt the need of in his daily toil. There were no night schools, no reading-rooms, no free libraries, no free lectures, open to young apprentices or mechanics. They, as a class, had no social standing. The majority of apprentices were "bound out" to hard and often unfeeling "task-masters," treated but little better than brutes, while the sons of the rich were lavishly provided with the best social advantages that wealth and position could command. The best lectures, the best musical entertainments, the best libraries,

opened to the "knock" of these favored sons. The doors of the best colleges and universities were ever open to welcome them to the best they had to offer. All this weighed heavily upon the mind of young Cooper. To apprentices and the "greasy mechanics" he saw over the doors of these institutions the ominous handwriting, "Positively no admittance here." It stirred his great sympathetic soul to the lowest depths. This proscription, this galling yoke of bondage, must and shall be broken if "I am prospered." He made a plan in his mind whereby this much neglected and despised class might be lifted up and out of their unhappy condition and might have the opportunities of becoming "masters of the situation," instead of slaves, and be able to compete with the best educated talent of the world. This was the life plan of Mr. Cooper, an object to which all his efforts converged. The iron had pierced his soul, and he was in dead earnest. He was awake to the magnitude of this great undertaking, and gave it his untiring energies, body and soul. He was well aware of the heavy burdens that he must carry during years of hard work before his sanguine hopes and expectations could be realized. But it came. Fortune smiled upon the indefatigable labors of Mr. Cooper.

In 1854 he saw the foundation laid of

that noble structure, the Cooper Institute, located at the junction of Third and Fourth avenues, New York City. Dedicated, "To be devoted forever to the union of art and science in their application to the useful purposes of life." Here the poor apprentice, the "greasy mechanic," young men, and young women without money and without price, are welcome to all its advantages. It has a great library of nearly twenty thousand volumes, and the best papers and magazines of the world are on its tables. Fifteen hundred persons daily visit the reading-rooms to gain intellectual food. The great hall, with a seating capacity of two thousand people, is thrown open on Saturday nights, where free lectures are given on subjects best adapted to the masses. In its art schools the best instructors are employed, where engineering, drafting, drawing, chemistry, natural philosophy, painting, telegraphy, etc., are taught.

The cost of maintaining this great institution is over fifty thousand dollars a year. How comes it that such an institution has been so munificently endowed? Simply because one poor struggling apprentice boy felt the want of some such institution, while struggling in poverty to earn his bread during the days of his bondage, his great heart all the while beating in sym-

pathy for those who were slaves of toil, like himself A magnificent conception, munificently consummated! Mr. Cooper did not forget when fortune smiled, his bondage in the days of his affliction. He remembered all and his vow, and sacredly fulfilled it—and more. We venture to say that a happier man never walked the streets of New York than was Mr. Cooper when he saw the perfection of his preconceived plans in successful operation. In his declining years it was Mr. Cooper's delight to visit the institute daily and witness the earnest students hard at work, making the most of their opportunities. It will never be known how many worthy applicants who had not a dollar to pay for their board were permitted to complete their studies. Mr. Cooper's heart never grew cold and callous.

How does such a life compare with the great railroad manipulators, whose coffers are filled from the hard earnings of the laborer, the mechanic, the savings of the widow and the orphan? Compare Mr. Cooper's life work with those who count their wealth by millions. Whose name will be cherished—embalmed—in the hearts of thousands of young men and young women? Around whose monument will gather those whose love and affection will be manifested by the tear-drop that will

steal away from an overflowing fountain, in loving remembrance of a dear friend and benefactor? Whose name will outlive the most costly and long-enduring monument? Methinks the name of Peter Cooper will shine brightly when the monuments of railroad kings and all those who have amassed great wealth hoarding it up solely to gratify a selfish, sordid nature—of those who, destitute of a single spark of human sympathy, can spend a hundred thousand dollars for an evening party for self-glory, but have not a dollar to give poor starving humanity, or for any worthy object—will have crumbled into dust. Such a man as Peter Cooper needs no monument to keep him from being forgotten. His name is immortal. It will go down the centuries with a bright halo of unfading glory. We cannot think of a more appropriate motto than this to inscribe on his monument, "Go thou and do likewise." If such a monument with such an inscription was placed at the head of Wall street, the great money centre of this continent, we are inclined to think that those money kings who daily gamble in stocks in that locality would perhaps for once stop to read the inscription, but forever after "pass by on the other side."

The reader may ask why this long article over a man who is dead and gone. For the

best of all reasons—for an illustration of what one man accomplished for himself and the world, commencing, as he did, at the foot of the ladder, and by his own force of character reaching the highest round. We challenge the world to produce an example parallel to this from the ranks of those born in affluence. The same route which he traveled is open for every young man to enter upon, to make the best result possible—the most of himself. The great secret of Mr. Cooper's success was in having a plan on which he concentrated all his energy, never turning to the right nor left, but keeping on the straight course until the goal was reached, his great work centered upon this one thing—a sublime purpose.

"As a man purposeth in his heart, so is he."

Weigh well and carefully the probabilities, the possibilities, of how it will affect your future should you make a mistake in choosing a life purpose. Young man, have you a purpose?

"Live for something. Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they

perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than were the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, which the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of those who come in contact with you, and you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as brightly on earth as the stars of heaven."—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Have for your motto, "Higher! forever higher!"

THE DELUSIONS OF THE AGE.

THE "MIRAGE."

We were once traveling in a country where this fantastic delusion played around us occasionally, to our supreme delight. Indifferent and obscure objects would appear along the horizon, wonderfully transformed. Scrubby brush, a foot or two high, loomed up like a forest of tall timber. Grass less than six inches high would be elongated to tall reeds, and would seem to be running a swift race. Soil that was red would present all the appearance of a raging, flaming fire. Men and animals would pass through wonderful transformations, assuming many curious and comical shapes.

The water illusion to the poor, weary, thirsty, perishing traveler, is terrible, awful to think of—the climax of human suffering. For days he has been anxiously seeking for water, and all at once before his eager eyes appear beautiful lakelets, studded with islands, with fine shade trees gracing the shores. Excitedly he exclaims, "Water! water! it is found at last!" The desired boon is just before him. Ten minutes' walk and his raging thirst will be quenched. He bounds forward with new vigor, but soon discovers that the lake

which seemed so near remains just as far away. He stops and looks again and again, and says, "Surely there is water; it is a flowing river." He sees the waves rise and fall, as gentle zephyrs play over them, sparkling in the sunlight. He almost thinks he hears the rippling waves as they lave the nearer shore. On he goes with increasing speed, if it were possible, that the sooner his burning, maddened thirst may be assuaged. He goes on; so does the phantom. In the burning heat of mid-day he falters, gasps for breath; his tongue is parched, swollen, and ceases to articulate. Reason trembles in the balance; his eyes are fixed, and with fingers pointing to the illusion, to him so real, he lies down to die. On the margin of that other river, to him unseen, his weary, weary, feet halted.

THIRST.

No word in our language, perhaps, carries with it greater weight than the word "thirst." It is one of the words the meaning of which changes not. It is used to express all human wants, whether of body, mind, or soul—intensified in the superlative degree.

There is no physical suffering more terrible to endure, no death more wful to die, than that of burning thirst. Sailors shipwrecked upon the open sea know its hor-

rors. Vambery, in his travels in Central Asia, describes most graphically the scenes he witnessed there. He says: "Two of our companions having exhausted all their water, fell so sick that we were forced to bind them at full length upon the camels, as they were perfectly incapable of riding or sitting. We covered them, and as long as they were able to articulate, they kept exclaiming, 'Water! Water!'—the only words that escaped their lips. Alas! even their best friends denied them the life-dispensing draught. On the fourth day one of them was freed by death from the dreadful torments of thirst. It was a horrible sight to see the father hide his store of water from the son, and brother from brother; each drop is life, and when men feel the torture of thirst there is not, as in the dangers of life, any spirit of self-sacrifice, or any feeling of generosity."

The word thirst is very frequently used figuratively when speaking of an intense desire, or craving, for any special object. Thus we say, "He thirsts for revenge;" "Thrists after happiness;" "He seeks his keeper's flesh and thirsts for his blood." One of the ineffable joys of heaven is portrayed by the statement that, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." That is to say, that every longing shall be satisfied. Earth affords no such boon.

The world is full of thirsty people—thirsting for something they do not possess, a craving for something beyond their grasp. The mirage holds out the most tantalizing appearances to the poor traveler dying of thirst. It allures him along only to mock him at last in the throes of death. Some persons are permitted to reach the fountain they sought to reach, to drink deep thereof, only to find at last that it is a bitter fountain. No man who has had a burning thirst for gold, or for wealth, and who has exceeded his first mark, was ever satisfied with it. The same burning thirst, intensified, calls for more continually, and will not be satisfied. The pleasures of life afford no fountain at which its votaries can satiate their thirst. The man of ambition "fired up" to "white heat," finds no cool, refreshing stream where he may quench the "fire within." The political aspirants, thirsting for office, even if they obtain the office they sought, are unable to slake their thirst in the enjoyment of its honors. When they reach the first round of their aspirations, they discover a round higher, and so they thirst for that one, and are never satisfied.

THIRSTING FOR FAME.

Doctor X., after having accumulated a princely fortune, thirsted for the honors of

the world. He sought to have himself immortalized by having towns and cities bear his name. He gave a large sum of money to a village corporation to induce its citizens to drop the original name, and to take his name instead. He thirsted for political honors. He aspired to have "Hon." in front, or "M. C." at the end of his name. He labored assiduously, and spent his money lavishly to get the nomination for a representative to congress, but was always defeated. It was a great and sore disappointment to Doctor X. It incapacitated him for any business. His friends carried him to a private medical institution for treatment. The shock to his system, however, had been too great to yield to remedies. He lingered a few months and died —died of an unquenchable thirst for honors that money could not purchase. He sought to drink from a fountain that seemed to him so near and inviting—just a little way from him. The delusive mirage danced before him most bewitchingly, alluring him on, and inspiring him with sanguine anticipations and expectations of soon reaching that fountain, and there slaking his burning thirst. No, never! Honors of the world never satisfy.

Does wealth satisfy? Will it quench all thirst, appease all cravings of the body, of mind, and of soul? No! It never has; it

never will. Doctor X. had wealth in abundance. He left an estate of over ten millions of dollars. With his vast possessions he was beyond earthly necessity—for with his money he could supply every physical need. There was no luxury he could not purchase that could in any way conduce to his best and fullest enjoyment of life.

THIRSTING FOR HONORS.

What's fame?
A fancied life in other's breath:
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.—*Pope.*

Horace Greeley was born in a humble home, in poverty. At sixteen years of age he started out for himself, penniless. For years his success was anything but encouraging. With indomitable energy he labored on until he became the editor-in-chief of the New York *Tribune*. The position did not satisfy him very long. He thirsted for something beyond—to drink at another fountain. He set his affections upon the highest office in the land—the presidency of the United States. The mirage played most charmingly before him, and the more he speculated upon the delusion the greater assurance he had of its being what it seemed, and to be so near to him that there was no question as to his ability to drink to his full of public favor. The thirst increased as time drew near when the verdict of the people was to de-

cide who was to be the successful man. It was a short and spirited race. Mr. Greeley concentrated his entire energies, soul and body, to win the race. He failed. He was a disappointed man. The presidential mirage proved a terrible delusion to him. He fell into a stupor soon after the result was known, from which he never rallied, and his death followed in a very few days.

"What shall I do lest life in silence pass?"
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean's deeps are mute:
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—Fame is the bruit
Along the shore.

"What shall I do to be forever known?"
Thy duty ever;
"This did full many who yet sleep unknown."—
Oh! never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead.—*Schiller.*

Every young man of ordinary good sense is anxious to learn in advance what

he can of his future, his fortune, and the happiness or sorrow, success or failure, that await him before the problem of life shall have been fully solved. It is perfectly right and proper that he should be anxious to rightly comprehend the ever-increasing responsibilities as the years come and go; responsibilities that he cannot escape or delegate to any human being.

Look not mournfully into the past, it cannot come back; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

There is a sure road to success. Go bravely forward and fearlessly meet the responsibilities of life as they shall arise, with the full determination to yield to none. Bear your own burdens cheerfully and with courage. Surmount all obstacles that are hindrances, though they may be simply blessings in disguise. Aim for something higher at each advancing step, thereby developing increasing power to achieve victory. Thus every step lifts you one degree higher—higher and nearer to the goal.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*Bryant.*

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Dec. 2004

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 593 551 7

HOW TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS